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Tipton High School. Senior
Class.
The Tiptonian

TIPTONIAN

THE TIPTONIAN

1923

Courtesy Art Photo Shop

Volume Twenty Four

Published Yearly By Senior Class of
Tipton High School

TIPTON : : : INDIANA

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FOREWORD

IN THE publication of this book we have encountered several obstacles, but like the poem, "O Captatn! My Captain!", we have guided our ship safely to anchor. Owing to the fact that all have united into a single co-operating unit and that we have secured the best printer and engraver to be had, the staff, have been able to publish this annual and are proud to say,

"WE HAVE DONE THIS."

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DEDICATION

To the one who has given his time, which is the most priceless thing a mortal has, his energy, and his efforts that this may be a better school; We, the Seniors of Tipton High School, humbly dedicate our best, the twenty fourth Tiptonian

SUPT. C. E. SPAULDING

HAIL TO THEE

TIPTON HIGH SCHOOL

WORDS BY
LOUIS FOSTER-'12

Musique de
Léo DANIDERFF

Allegro Marche

Vigoroso

ff sonore.

sf

Canon. f

energique.

sf

COUPLET.

All^to Moderato

1. Feel the heart in pride and pleasure swell - See what thots upon you gladly dwell Thy sons and daughters praise thy glory - Thy
2. 'Tis a part of all that I have met; Is thy slogan wisdoms power to get 'Tis ours a part of visions high, And
3. Play the game men of Tipton High! With a will, that of do or die No better men are anywhere; You

suivez.

mf

worth is told in song and story
ours a part of "will to try"
play to win and yet play square

Homage true now to thee we pay - We will love thee when old and gray. Our
White and blue float before our eyes - Given you gladly by the skies The
Take that ball-take it make a goal - March right thru, but them in the hole You

sf

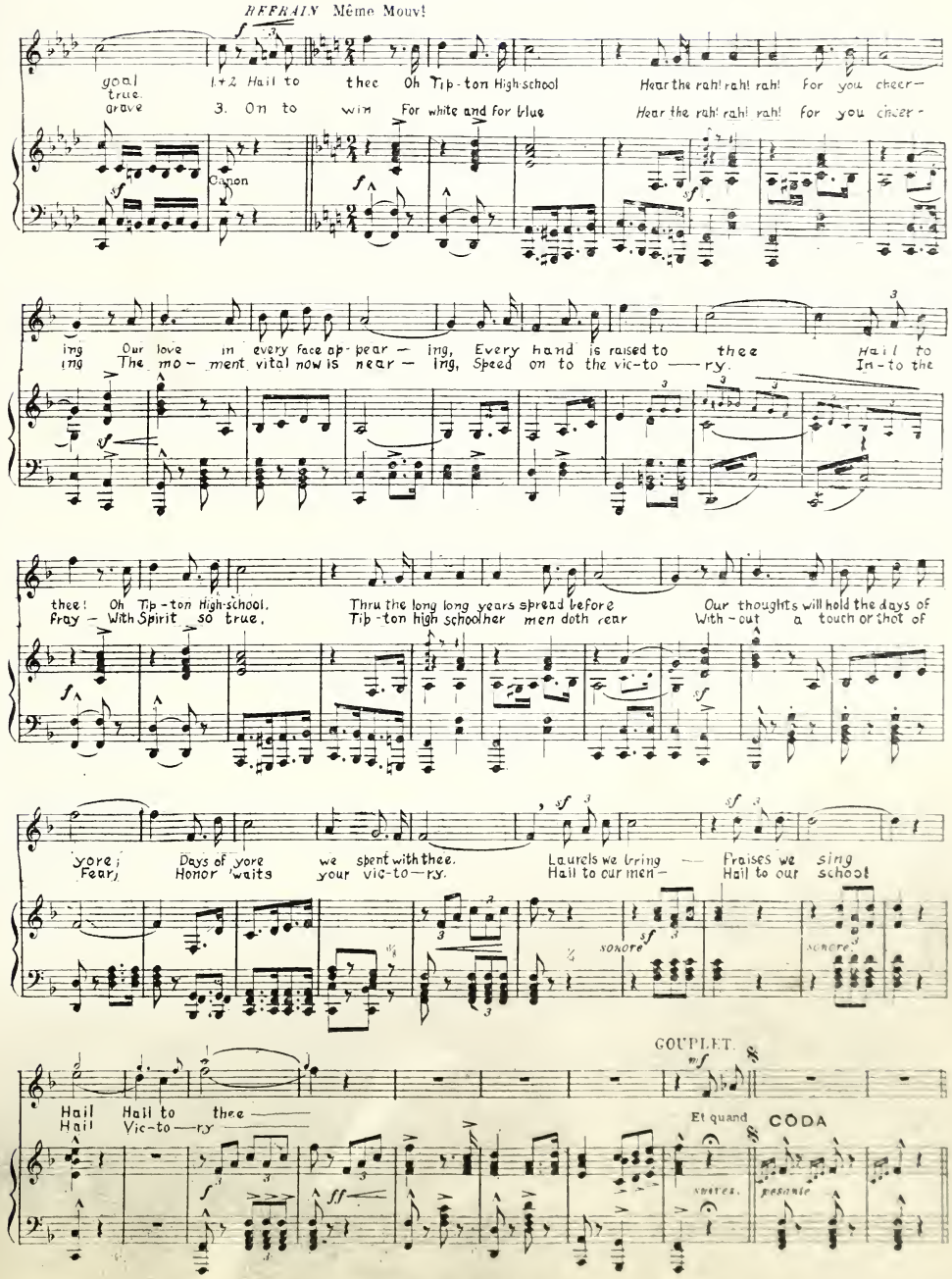
mf

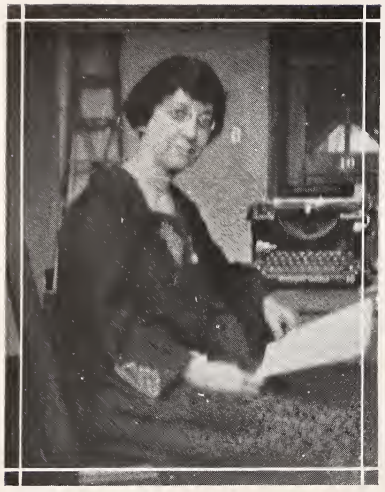
Martial Marche.

carefree days you see and bless - Thy watching seems a fond caress. Thy standard high before us hold - In work, in play be it our
white shall be for purity - The blue for friends' fidelity And there above "Red, white and blue-Oh Flag so dear, to you we're
add a leaf with every game To laurel hung o'er Tipton's name. And Kohomo* be you ere so brave - We'll place a wreath upon your

sf

*(NAME OF OPPOSING TEAM)

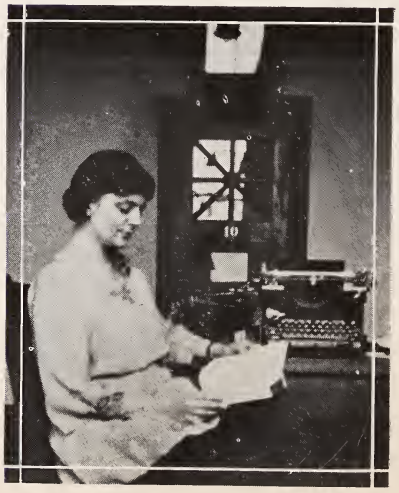

REFRAIN Même Mouv!
goal true. brave
1+2 Hail to thee Oh Tip-ton High-school
3. On to win For white and for blue
Hear the rah! rah! rah! for you cheer-
Hear the rah! rah! rah! for you cheer-
Canon
ing Our love in every face ap-pear — ing, Every hand is raised to thee Hail to
ing The mo-ment vital now is near — ing, Speed on to the vic-to — ry. In-to the
thee! Oh Tip-ton High-school.
Fray — With Spirit so true.
Thru the long long years spread before
Tip-ton high school her men doth rear
Our thoughts will hold the days of
With-out a touch or thot of
yore;
Fear,
Days of yore
Honor waits
we spent with thee.
your vic-to-ry.
Laurels we bring —
Hail to our men —
Praises we sing
Hail to our school
sonore
sonore
COUPLET.
Hail Hail to thee —
Hail Vic-to-ry
Et quand
CODA
soutes.
pesante



MAUDE ELIZABETH PATE
Supervisor English

To you, Miss Pate, we dedicate this space, for your untiring work in order that this book may be bettered each year. Little do some realize the amount of work that must be accredited to you on this book, the unaccountable time that you have spent in proof-reading the material in order that the readers of this book may more thoroughly enjoy reading it. You have been ready at any time to offer your assistance in every way, not only this year but for many of the preceding ones as well. The staff wishes to take this opportunity of expressing their sincere thanks and appreciation of the help that has been so readily given by you.

The Tiptonian Staff and especially the Art Editor, wishes to extend thanks to Miss Roberts for the help and advice she has given us this year. The preparation of correct Art work for an Annual is a tremendous task and to those who have never done anything like it before, it seems an almost unsolvable mystery. We appreciate each little helpful hint from those older and wiser than ourselves. Miss Roberts has given us the advice and the help that we needed, just at the time we needed it most. So we feel that her share of responsibility for the good looks of the Tiptonian must not be overlooked.



HERMINE ROBERTS
Supervisor Art

E.E.
FACULTY

MR. THOMPSON
Principal Senior High
DePauw A. B.
University of Chicago
"We say thy words of hope and cheer
When hope of ours would languish,
And keep them always in our hearts
For comfort when in anquish."

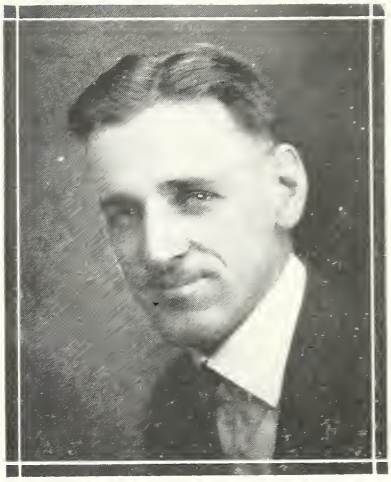
MR. HASH
Principal Junior High
Valparaiso University
Purdue Marion Normal
"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

MISS PATE
English
Terre Haute Normal
Harvard University
Chicago University
"We had not dreamed these things were so
Of sorrow and of mirth;
Her speech is as a thousand eeyes
Through which we see the earth."

MISS LOVE
Music
Oberlin Conservatory of Music
Northwestern U. School of Music
"Her voice was tender as a lullaby
Making you think of milk-white dues that creep
Among the mid-May violets, when they lie,
All in yellow moonlight fast asleep."

MISS KIMPEL
Sophomore Class Advisor
English and Latin
Indiana University A. B.
Madame Blaker's

"If fortune disregard thy claim,
By worth, her slight attest;
Nor blush and hang the head for shame
When thou hast done thy best."



MR. SCHOOLEY
Freshman Class Advisor
Science and Mathematics
University of Marseilles France
Indiana University A. B.

"The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

MR. CLAVERT
Senior Class Advisor
Science and Mathematics
Purdue University B. S.

"Wheredo you guess he learned the (trick
To hold us gaping here,
Till our minds in the spell of his maze almost
Have forgotton the time of year?"

MISS WEST
Junior Class Advisor
Commercial Department
Muncie Normal
Business College

"However sweet, such songs as these
Are not as sweet as you:—
For you are blooming melodies
The eyes may listen to!"

MISS KELSEY
History
University of Kansas
Kansas State Normal
Baker University A. B.
"Beauty is momentary in the mind
The fitful tracing of a portal
But in the flesh it is immortal."

MR. WERNER
Indiana University
Butler College

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

MISS GRISHAW
Domestic Science
Indiana University

"My heart thou markest void, and full;
Thou giv'st, thou tak'st away my care,
O most beloved! Most beautiful!
I miss, and find thee everywhere!"

MISS STEINBARGER
Latin
Indiana University A. B.
Northwestern University

"Seek not to walk by borrowed light,
But keep unto thine own;
Do what thou doest with thy might,
And trust thyself alone!"

MISS ROBERTS
Art
John Herron Art Institute
School of Applied Art
"Thrilled with a double power,
Nature and Art—
Dowered with a double dower,
Reason and Heart."

MRS. LEBO
Violin Department
Metropolitan Conservatory of Music
"In vain! Each little flower
Must be sweet for itself, nor part
With its white or brown and every bird
Must sing from its own full heart."

DR. DOBBYN
Mathematics
Oakland City College
Indiana State Normal
DePauw University A. B.
University of Chicago
Souge College France
"Avoid the reeking herd
Shun the polluted flock;
Live like that stoic bird,
The eagle of the rock."

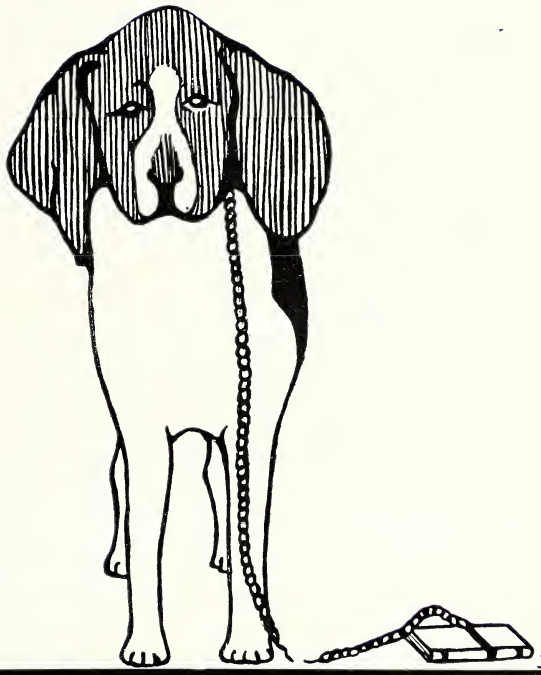
THE TIPTONIAN STAFF

STANDING: Left to right, Helen Shaw, Snapshot Editor; Helen Daniels, Junior Editor; Thelma Green, News Editor; Winfred Haselton, Alumni Editor; Dorothy Armstrong, Sophomore Editor; Elsie Downing, News Editor; Alfred Havens, Sport Editor.

SEATED: Left to right, Elizabeth Weaver, Freshmen Editor; Emerson Ewing, Editor-in-Chief; Robert West, Advertising Manager; Thelma Graff, Literary Editor; Vivus Smith, Business Manager; Elizabeth Eppard, Art Editor; Louis Conroy, Assistant Joke Editor; Bernice Finley, Society Editor; Vivian Addleman, Calendar Editor.

The Staff finished its duty early this year so that they might have the last two months and a half of school preparing for graduation and getting their studies in shape so that the teachers would give them good grades. The Annual this year is just a little larger than usual which is due to the Alumni Section, something which hasn't been in the Annual for some time. The Staff wishes to thank all who have contributed to the Annual and all who have helped in any way to make the burden lighter for the Staff.

The Staff has been pretty lucky this year because they have gotten along with the least possible friction and that is one way of getting things done, is to all work together.



E.E

SENIORS

TO THE CLASS OF '23.

——::——

Hail to the Class of the Year '23,
To the men and the women they now aim to be?
Children no longer, they enter the world,
The flag of their freedom is gladly unfurled.
We look at them fondly and all long to be
As gay as the Class of the Year '23.

What shall we wish for them as they depart?
Nothing but gladness and lightness of heart?
Great wealth and success in the world's market-place?
No obstacles hard to o'ercome in the race,
When they start for that ultimate object, the goal
Humanity strives for—the price of a soul?

Oh, no! We shall wish them hard battles to win;
The strength giving conflict; the victory o'er sin;
The knowledge of having fought bravely and won,
When the sun of life sets, and the long day is done.
Though friends man then fail, and Fortune may frown,
"To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown."
May the stars in their crowns as numberless be
As the wishes for good that we give '23.

MAUDE ELIZABETH PATE.

IN MEMORIAM

REX FINDLING

February 18, 1905 December 3, 1922

—o—

"WHOM THE GODS LOVE"

——::——

"Whom the Gods love are taken in their youth."
So runs the proverb, and we grant its truth.
Thy kindly acts and blameless life while here,
Have made thee, doubtless, to the Gods most dear.
Thy summons came when thou wert most intent—
Upon thy Father's business solely bent—
What better elegy can e'er be given,—
"Of such as these my Kingdom is, in Heaven?"

—Maude Elizabeth Pate.

CLASS OF '23

——::——

MOTTO

B^2

CLASS COLORS

Purple and White

CLASS FLOWER

Onion Rose

CLASS OFFICERS

Robert Wichersham ---------- President
Frank Trittschuh ---------- Vice-President
Anna Cunningham ---------- Treasurer
Olive Crum ---------- Secretary
Mr. Calvert ---------- Class Advisor

CLASSIFICATION

THELMA GRAFF—"Jake" is a general good scout. No one can help liking her because of her friendliness. There is no one in High School who has succeeded more than "Jake." She is a very studious girl (?), but she always has her lessons. We don't know what "Jake" intends to do after she leaves High School, but we think she is interested in home-making. "Veni, Vidi, Vici."

ROBERT WICKERSHAM—"Speed," as we all call him, is one of the tall dark Valentino types that are so popular in High School today. He has taken an active part in all activities, being a member of the basket ball and base ball teams, as well as an important member of the cast of the Senior class play. Bob has made the class of '23 a faithful and attentive president. His only setback is that his thoughts are on North East street most of the time.

ANNA CUNNINGHAM—"Ann" entered High School with the class of '23. All through her High School career she has been active in the school activities. "Ann" is a bright little miss always wearing her brilliant smile and making friends with everyone. Sh! don't talk loud, but "Ann" did express a desire to continue her domestic science career. Good luck, Anna!

VIVUS SMITH—"Smitty" is one of those tall types of human beings who inhabit our High School, but his length seems to help him out because he always gets there on time (?). His hobby is automobiles and the class wishes him success in this business. Our class votes that he has proved to be a very efficient business manager.

HERBERT SNYDER—"Lanky" is our cartoonist. He has only been with our class one year, but we have learned to greatly appreciate his presence. We believe that he is a woman-hater, for he is never seen with a "date." However, he will be a success in the business world probably as a cartoonist.

OREN EGLER—Oren is another of our farm boys who has been converted to our city ways, at least until he is through High School. Yes, you wouldn't think it but Oren has had very serious attacks of heart trouble, but we're glad to say he usually gets over them all right. Don't try to fool us; we've had them too, Egler.

HELEN SHAW—Helen, with about ninety others, entered

High School along with us as a silly green Freshman in the year 1920. She has been noted all through her High School career as a girl who is capable of getting dates when and with whom she wishes to have them. She is noted for her baby doll mouth and her ability as a violinist. We hope, Helen, with these accomplishments that you may win great success in this world.

OLIVE CRUM—Olive is one of our lively but dignified girls. She has a very good disposition and is well liked by all of her classmates. We think that Olive would be a success on the stage, for she has done very good work in the plays in Eng. IV. However, whatever she chooses to do, the good wishes of the class go with her.

WILMER MAYNE—Wilmer came to T. H. S. from Independence. He is quite a deep thinker and really quite studious. His tenor voice is unequaled and a better cornet player is not to be found (around Tetersburg). Luck to you, "Bill."

CLARICE FULLER—"Clarissa" has been in the class of '23 ever since she started to school in 1911. She has been interested in all of her studies and especially did she like Chemistry when she was a Junior. We know that Clarice is an awful nice girl, and if you don't believe it ask "Bill."

LEROY WILSON—Leroy is the brighest one in the Senior class (ask Miss Kelsey, she knows). He doesn't need to know the answer of a question for he bluffs (usually) it through anyway. Leroy will be a good lawyer, we think, because of the above stated facts. No wonder he is bright—he came here from Peru High.

BEULAH ILLYES—Beulah hails from Atlanta and was welcomed into our class when we were Juniors. She is a very quiet little lady, but her classmates learned that "Still waters often run deep."

ELIZABETH EPPARD—Elizabeth entered the halls of fame along with the class of '24, but due to her ability to accomplish more than the ordinary student she is leaving with the class of '23. She has proved a very efficient art editor and we hardly see how we could have done without her. We hope she gets to finish this work in which she has proved her ability. Good luck, "Lizz."

LOUIS CONROY—Louis is all-state floor guard in the opinion of T. H. S. Conroy's chief asset is basket ball, for he knows he makes a good appearance on the hardwood. We think Louis'

ambition is to be on Notre Dame varsity in about a year and we'd sure like to see him there. Louis seems to have the privilege of being worshipped from afar by all the women—that is, almost all of 'em.

BERNICE FINLEY—"Be" is a small lass with dark hair, and lots of people, including us, think she is very pretty. She can always be found with Mary or "Jake." Be is a part of our calss motto and she lives up to it perfectly. She is excellent in her studies, but she does not study all the time, for she is usually having some fun somewhere, sometime.

ALFRED HAVENS—Scott hails from the "blue grass region" of old Kentucky. We have been honored with his presence ever since we were in the Junior High School. We find him at his best on the basket ball floor, we hear that he is an ardent admirer of "one" lucky lady, yet others, "unlucky," admire him greatly. Keep it up, "Al;" we're for you.

ELSIE DOWNING—Elsie is one of our Senior girls who makes friends with everyone she meets. Her disposition is such that all of her friends are steadfast ones. Elsie intends to go to college, but she will not tell us what she is going to do after she graduates from college, but we, of course, have our own opinions.

HORACE WATSON—Ernest is a brilliant child from the western plains of Normandy. He is always asking questions or making new experiments in chemistry and blowing us all to Hades. He is of the wild and woolly type and will probably join Bill Hart in his plays in the near future. Go to it, "Pete."

WAYNE MILLER—Wayne is the same age as his brother Weldon, who is his twin, and like his brother he is a true son of the country. Wayne has been uncommonally good in his studies, thus enabling him to graduate at the end of the first semester. Wayne tries to appear bashful, but looks are deceiving, Wayne!

LEON WRIGHT—Leon is by no means a dark horse in this school, for he is one of our leading boosters, always ready to help T. H. S. in her activities. He drags nothing but is in for action, and usually accomplishes something. He has many friends, including girls, and his integrity is O. K.

VIVIAN ADDLEMAN—Vivian is one of the most beloved girls in the class of '23 and is a friend worth having. She is unexcelled in her elocution work and is a very studious miss. Last

year she was voted the most popular of all the girls in T. H. S., due to Skeet's hard work. She was elected Calendar Editor on the Tiptonian staff. We think she is a Jewel—but "Skeet" knows it to be a fact, and he ought to know if anyone does.

BERNICE LEAVITT—'Be' entered this life in September, 1919, and departed on May 29, 1923. Just where she wishes to be interred is not known, but we think she will be placed in a business college somewhere until her permanent location is decided upon. "Be" was well loved by her schoolmates and she always took a great part in the activities of the class of '23.

LEWIS BARROW—Lewis is one of the most self-reliant Seniors. He has the face of a humorist but behind his serious countenance is a keen wit as those who sit beside him can testify. Perhaps he is destined to take the place of Mark Twain in American literature. We need another humorist, Lewis; hop to it.

GLADYS PATTERSON—Gladys has been a member of our class ever since she graduated from Beech Grove School in 1919. We sure are proud of her, for she has a very good nature (hasn't she, Alonzo?) Gladys has always been worthy of the best things to be had and she will be a great success wherever she may go. Gladys may seem bashful, but she does have a case. She's O. K. Alonzo!

HULDA MICHEL—Hulda says there is no place like the farm. We wonder why! According to her the out-of-doors is far better than any kitchen. She is a good student and creates no mischief.

VIRGIL DANIELS—Virgil is noted for his wonderful speeches for which he has come to be known as "Socrates." He has been with us all four years of our High School career and has proved himself to be a very industrious (?) little farm boy.

ROBERT WEST—"Bob" is our little Senior boy who uses lots of slang. He successfully played the part of the little office boy in the Senior class play, for, you know, he looks the part so much. He has a case, at least we think so, for he writes many mysterious letters that we can't translate. Now don't try to slip one over on us, "Bob."

THELMA GREEN—Thelma, usually known as Thelmy, is a girl the Senior class may well be proud of. Doesn't she walk away with the honor of making the highest grade in the local

Cicero exam. and doesn't she teach the Algebra class for Mr. Calvert when he teaches Mr. Schooley's Physics class? That shows that the teachers think her a first rate pupil, and she is. Everyone thinks her a real "guy," for she has a cheerful disposition. She won't give you much satisfaction as to what she intends to do when she is out of High School, but ask her what she is going to do and says "Teach school—maybe."

EVELYN JAMES—"Eve" joined us in the eighth grade, coming from Celina, Ohio. Since then she has been an excellent addition to our classe. She is a very attractive girl and a friend to every one. We find her intentions are to be a nurse or to go west, probably to Nebraska. We wonder if it is a serious case of heart trouble?

ROBERT METTLIN—"Bob" has shown himself to be a good man on the basket ball floor, but because he did not have good support he could not do as well as he is capable of doing. "Bob" intends to go to college, but he has not decided where he will go yet; probably Butler will be the lucky one.

MARGARET GRISHAW—Margaret, alias "Peggy," is one of our most tastefully dressed blonds. What is her ambition? Guess. No, you missed it! She wants to teach school in California. Here's hoping that she gets there. Who knows but what she might take up the movies out there, as she is the leading lady in our class play.

EMERSON EWING—"Wop" came here when he was a Freshman from the state of Washington. It was then that he came into the limelight, for our Latin teacher thought he was some "kid." He has been the most successful editor-in-chief that Tipton High ever had or ever will have. If you wish to visit "Wop" in the future you will have to go to Paxton, for he will probably make his permanent home near there.

JEAN STORMS—Jean has the honor of being one of our Seniors who will graduate in three years. She is one of the many who have their hair bobbed, and we like it, Jean. Jean is a very good student in every way. The school has profited by Jean's presence and will be sorry at her departure. The good wishes of the Senior class will go with her in her future, whatever that might be.

FRANK TRITTSCHUH—Frank is one of the best members of the Senior class. He is noted for his ability to walk on his tip-

toes, thus saving a great amount of rubber that can easily be used for automobiles. Frank was somewhat lost at first this year because Velma wasn't here, but he soon got over that. Wasn't Frank a dumbbell not to take the part offered him in the Senior class play? Shame on you, Frank!

EDNA BRADY—Edna, it is said, like Samson, owes her strength to her long hair, but Edna's strength is intellectual, not physical. She has the true Irish wit and has literary aspirations. Luck to you, Edna!

RAYMOND WIMER—Raymond is a friend of everyone. "Winne's" smile and good humor creates friends for him wherever he goes. He would be a close contender for the pool and billiard championship of the High School. Ask Louis. Raymond has a car but no case. Better get busy, girls!

LOIS HOBBS—Our Senior class has the distinctive honor of having one of their member's names represented by a city—Hobbs. It was named after Lois. (?) We all thought she gained fame for her name and she did. We expect she always will as she seems capable of finishing what she begins—that is omitting Chemistry.

WELDON MILLER—Weldon entered the portals of T. H. S. with his twin brother Wayne the second semester of last year. Both hail from Atlanta High and were large additions to the class. You might think that Weldon is a quiet lad, but when in doubt, ask Miss Kelsey.

MILDRED WEST—Mildred entered Tipton High School from Independence. She has proven herself to be a good student. Mildred is interested in colleges, a university we should say, and her attentions are especially centered on I. U. Mildred ought to be successful, for wasn't she elected the second most popular lady in T. H. S.? Here's luck to you, Mildred!

GARTH MARINE—Garth has faithfully stood by the class of '23 though all its trials and troubles, and although he graduated at Christmas he has helped us through the whole year. He traveled through the Southern states this spring and he surely wasted lots of stationery from what Helene blushingly admits.

MADELYN PAUL—Madelyn is one of our most entertaining lasses. She has been with us four years and during this time her cheeks have never once lost their natural (?) bloom. As every-

one likes Madelyn we wish her success in her career, whatever it may be. We wonder what the recipe is?

MARIAN HERRON—"Hap" is a member of the Senior class and is one of the most industrious boys we have. He has good literary ability which at some time may make him famous in his own community at least. "Hap" seems blessed with good qualities, for he also has the ability to imitate any of the monkey family.

RUFUS GLASS—"Ruffus" is another of those basket ball boys of whom the Senior class is justly proud. He comes from the southwestern section of the township but his heart is in the southwestern part of the city of Tipton at least through the week, and on Sunday it is in Noblesville. Hurry up, Rufus; there are others trying it too!

HELEN PARISH—Helen came to us from Hobbs with other members of this delegation. On first appearance Helen may seem demure and quiet but after one knows her she is bubbling over with fun. Helen graduated at the end of the first semester and immediately started a course at the Muncie Normal. Our good wishes go with you, Helen!

CLIFFORD WIGGINS—Our own Clifford is another country gentleman who hails from the southeast. He is a regular all round man with all the good qualities of a gentleman. He came to us in his Junior year but in the length of time he has been here, has made many permanent friends who have faith in him as a foremost man in the near future.

WINONA SELLERS—Winona came to T. H. S. from Atlanta High School and joined our class when we were Sophomores. She has been a very excellent student in all her classes. Her chief interests, however, are centered about the most prominent member of the Purdue Band—the leader in fact!

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1923

——::——

We, the class of 1923, Tipton High School, Tipton County, State of Indiana, realizing that our high school days are numbered, feel that it is for the best interests of all concerned that we, on this 2nd day of April, 1923, being of lawful age, of sound mind, and coerced by no one, make our last will and testament, and bequeath our revered possessions and Senior privileges to whom we see fit; which we do, not out of generosity, but because we can keep them no longer; and we hereby declare all previous wills to be null and void.

As to such estate, both real and personal, as it has been our fortune to acquire, we do hereby dispose of the same as follows, to-wit:

We do hereby give and bequeath to the class of '24:

1. Our Senior dignity, which must not under any condition be abused.

2. The strain, anxiety and care of commencement week.

3. The small book entitled "Burke's Speech on Conciliation." Deep Stuff. Take it, Honorable Junior, and get something from it. We know that there is a great deal to be had, for we didn't get it all.

4. The privileges of holding secret meetings in Room 10, the progress of which is attended by stifled screams, hysterics, and other signs of suppressed mirth.

To the class of '25 we hereby give and bequeath:

The privilege of banqueting and entertaining the Class of '24, one year hence.

To the Class of '26 we hereby give and bequeath:

Joy, peace and prosperity throughout their reign in the kingdom of T. H. S. It would be wasteful to spend the time in giving to those who seem to be able to get it.

To the whole high school we bequeath the reference table and the new "American Encyclopedias." Better start early to learn to use Volume 20, the index. It seems to be a cross between the dictionary and the list of tardy pupils.

To the faculty we leave the greatest respect and esteem and the assurance that their names shall always hold a scared place in the memory of our high school days.

I, Louis Barrow, do will my recipe for rosy cheeks to Ernest Martz.

I, Edna Brady, do earnestly will my ear puffs to Crystal Stewart.

I, Olive Crum, do will my seriousness of mind to Agnes Holloway.

I, Vivian Addleman, do will my small feet to "Doc" Burk-

hardt, as they seem to have caused some congestion in the girls' cloak hall.

I, Louis Conroy, will my wonderful physique to Clyde Webb.

I, Anna Cunningham, do will my bountiful supply of credits to Halmond Gordon.

I, Vergil Daniels, "Socrates," will my position as orator of the day to Bob Law.

I, Elsie Downing, do will my small mouth to Fritz (we're not going to say anything about your always being late, Fritizie).

I, Oren Egler, do will my Chi-namel hair to John Essig Durr.

I, Elizabeth Eppard, do will my position as art editor of the Tiptonian to Mid Katon (she ought to be good, for she wields a mean lip stick).

I, Emerson Ewing, do will my position as editor-in-chief of the Tiptonian to some brainy, but unfortunate Junior.

I, Bernice Finley, "Convict No. 2," do will my striped sweaters to Madelene Plummer.

I, Clarice Fuller, will my studious inclinations to Jack Havens.

I, Rufus Glass, will my privilege of loafing in the Tiptonian room to some non-member of the staff of '24.

I, Thelma Graff, "Jake," do will my position as "champeen" joke teller to Fred Gibbons

I, Thelma Green, will my knowledge of Latin to Bernice Hobbs.

I, Alfred Havens, "Scott," am willing to sacrifice my slender gracefulness to Donald McCreary.

I, Margaret Grishaw, do will my bobbed hair to Mary Porter.

I, Wilmer Mayne, will my classy walk to Harrison Smitson.

I, Beulah Illyes, do will and bequeath my quiet disposition to Evelyn Warder.

I, Evelyn James, do bequeath my quiet disposition to Mildred Goodman.

I, Garth Marine, will my "Hot Lips" on a saxophone to Hanson Gifford.

I, Robert Mettlen, "T-Bone," will my position as captain of the "Second Team Wonders" to Philip Matthews.

I, Hulda Michel, will my low voice to Madylene Rayls

I, Lois Hobbs, will my ability to vamp the rustic lads to Minnie Ellen Peck.

I, Marion Herron, "Hap," do will my ability as a mouth musician to Gerold Todd.

I, Bernice Leavitt, will my intentions of becoming an old maid to Bernice Whisler.

I, Gladys Patterson, will my curling iron to Ralph Sowers.

We, Wayne and Weldon Miller, will our right to run the

whole H. S. (?) to Audrey Owens and Mary C. Means, the "Junior Run 'em Twins."

I, Helen Parish, will my right to be short to Catherine Wilson.

I, Madaline Paul, do hereby bequeath all my face powder, rouge and art of make-up to Rosie Emehiser.

I, Winona Sellers, will my blonde complexion to Edith Harrison.

I, Helen Shaw, will my powder puff and curly hair in rainy weather(?) to Nellie Duncan.

I, Vivus Smith, do give and bequeath my position as business manager of the Senior Class to Esther Forkner. May she live through it all.

I, Herbert Snyder, do will my position as cartoonist of the Tiptonian to the rising young Freshman, Fred Hill.

I, Jean Storms, will my excess of brains to Bob Nash.

I, Frank Trittschuh, do will my light fantastic walk to Worth Sowers.

I, Robert West, will my ability to have a date with any girl in H. S. to Robert Booth.

I, Mildred West, will my position as second most popular girl in High School to Margaret Addleman.

I, Horace Watson, do will my ability to write snappy stories to Bob Law.

I, Robert Wickersham, as president of Senior Class, will my ability to dodge the class meetings to the next year's Senior president.

I, Raymond Wimer, do will my right to own a flivver and have no engine trouble to Johnny Burkhardt.

I, Clifford Wiggins, will my right to smile at any girl in H. S. to Russell Lowery, who thinks he has them all.

I, Leon Wright, do will my position as president of the Boosters' Club to Harold Walker.

I, Leroy Wilson, will my place as the biggest bluffer in High School to Robert Legg.

The above and foregoing will was declared to be the last will and testament of the aforesaid class, and it was also declared to be signed on the fifteen day of February, 1923, by the Seniors in our presence. At the request of and in the presence of each other, we do hereby subscribe our names as witnesses and said signature of the testatrix. Signed—

"SPEED."

"JAKE."

"BE."

"BIRDSEED."

"WOP."

PROPHECY NO. 1.

——::——

Tipton, Indiana, February 14, 1933.

My Dear Vivian:

What a pity you are so far away when I need you so. I received a letter from the editor in chief of the Tiptonian to-day asking me to give an account of the class of '23. I don't see why Paul couldn't have settled closer home so we could work together as we used to. I enclose the ones that I am in touch with and you can fill in the ones I have omitted, "C?"

I remember "Jake" Graff first because she labored so strenuously attempting to find quotations from Modern American Poetry to suit each and every one of us. It was thus that she formed her taste for "verse liber," and now she has become the rival of Amy Lowell for the leadership among the polyphonic verse writers. In this manner she is supporting her good for nothing husband, Kenneth "Humpy" Campbell, whom you will remember as a graduate of the class of '21.

Along with "Jake" I think of Elsie Downing and "Be" Finley. They certainly surprised us all. They used to say they intended teaching school but are now dancing their way to success. They are with the "Greenwich Village Follies," which is billed at English's next week. Who would have "thunk" it?

I was talking to Olive (Crum) and her husband, Louis Conroy, who is basket ball coach in the Hobbs High School, and they said they were going to make a special effort to go to the city that night for the performance.

You remember Ann Cunningham, the girl that loved Cicero so well when a Senior with us? Well, she finally reached her goal and is teaching Latin in T. H. S. this year. And all the pupils seem to love Latin.

Lorin Boldin still has his old rambling Ford and he now owns the main taxi line in Tipton. Of course we all patronize him. We also send our washing to his wife, Edna (Brady), for she does them so much better than the laundry. You know it has changed hands, the "Miller Brothers" (Weldon and Wayne) have charge of it now and the business is new to them.

Oren Egler and his wife, Beulah (Illyes), who occupy his father's farm, are regular attendants at church. They came and bring their three lovely children, rain or shine.

Rufus Glass has changed his mind about farming and de-

cided to enter Northwestern, and in his fourth year he at last became famous as a basket ball star. He is now coaching basket ball in Elwood High School.

This also brings to my mind our business manager, who had such a time keeping everyone out of the famous room except the staff. Vivus (Smith) is now selling Fords by the dozen, wrapped or delivered.

Our church has just had a letter from Thelma (Green) and her husband, Wilmer Mayne, saying that they liked missionary work in Africa just fine. I'll bet they have all kinds of experience, don't you?

Chick Heier was just home on a visit from Nicaragua, where he as a civil engineer is superintending the construction of the Nicaragua canal.

Jean Storms is Chief Librarian in the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C.

Horace Watson has at last realized his ambition. He owns a ranch in Montana, where he can carry all the guns he wants to.

Raymond Wimer won the "French Grand Prix" at the races in France last fall in his "Dent" racer. He was always speeding when a kid and I guess he was practicing for the races all the time. Ha! Ha!

I have been writing this letter for about five days now. You see I'd write down the names as they came into my mind and now no more will come, so I'm going to leave the rest to you.

Say, Vivian, don't you think you would like to come home on a visit about next May 20th? I would like to see you and Paul and Junior, too. Answer right away. Love.

HELENE.

P. S.—I just thought of a couple more and I wouldn't have omitted them for anything. Winona Sellers doesn't have to write letters to Purdue any more because she has Herman right by her side. They own Porter's Pharmacy and she works at the soda fountain.

Robert West has bachelor quarters in the Commercial Hotel and has started a new dancing studio on North Main street.

PROPHECY NO. 2.

——::——

San Francisco, Cal., March 10, 1933.

Dearest Helene:

I received your letter and was very glad to hear from you Land knows you are stingy enough with them anyway. It will be hard for me, because I am so far away and not in touch with many, although some have wondered west as I did.

Oh, don't you remember when Miss Pate called Elizabeth (Eppard) Elizabeth Ewing? No one had any idea then that they would be man and wife as they now are. They were at my home to dinner last week and seemed to be very happy together.

Yes, and did you know Hulda Michel and Bernice Leavitt were doing movie work? And with Mack Sennett's bathing beauties to boot!

I read in last evening's paper that Leroy Wilson and his bride, Mildred West, were leaving for the Hawaiian Islands on their honeymoon. "Who'd have thunk it?"

Have you been noticing the cartoons in the Literary Digest and Saturday Evening Post, drawn by "Lanky" Snyder? I think our class is to be congratulated on producing such a noted cartoonist, don't you?

Robert Wickersham and Evelyn are living in Seattle, Washington, where "Bob" owns a large factory in which he manufactures hair dressing, the recipe of which he concocted himself. All basket ball fellows patronize him, for it is the best hair dressing on the world's market.

Oh, Helene, I think of a very quiet lady, Gladys Patterson, who ran away and married Alonzo Burkett. They are the caretakers of the Yellowstone Park, and, by the way, it is a lovely place to spend a summer vacation.

Helen Parish, the flying queen, was here demonstrating the swiftest airplane on the market. During her stay here she visited me several times and invited me to attend her wedding, which is to take place three weeks from today at the home of her future husband, Frank Trittschuh, who lives in Phoenix, Arizona, where he is the head doctor of the tuberculosis hospital there.

Lewis Barrow and Virgil Daniels are wonderful pals now. They have married twin chorus girls and live in the same apartment at New York. They think they are about it, I guess.

It's pretty good about "Al" Havens and Evelyn James. I

would never have thought it. They used to sit beside each other in English, but they didn't seem to even know each other then, and to think of them eloping after these many years. Well, probably it isn't so long as it seems. Their parents can't even find them. I think it is ridiculous, don't you?

Leon Wright and Fred Miller are the proprietors of one of the largest hotels in Detroit, Michigan. I always thought Leon would make an early marriage, but he has surprised me, and Fred Miller—I juts can't imagine it. I could think of him as most anything else but a proprietor. Ha!

Say, don't Clifford Wiggins and his wife, Madylene (Paul) live someplace over there? It seems to me I read in the paper some time ago about them winning first prize at the State Poultry Show.

Margaret Grishaw is an exceedingly good teacher and it seems funny that she sould be teaching here in the High School. She is teaching Home Economics and all her pupils just love her.

Robert Mettlin and his wife, Clarice Fuller, are now members of the "400" of New York. They are multi-millionaires, and I just read that they have taken triplets to raise.

Well, at last I think we have located every member of our class, and I am very glad to know just what became of all of them, aren't you?

And as for coming home in May, I wouldn't miss it for the world. We are planning to come home then, so you see your wedding is going to be right at the right time. Ha! I'll bet you have made Garth (Marine) a happy man by accepting him, because now he won't have to worry about you all the time. Isn't it too bad Junior isn't just a little older? then he could be ring bearer. I suppose Garth is taking over his father's business. But never mind, I'll find out all the news when I get home.

Congratulations to you and Garth, and I hope you will be happy.

Lovingly yours, VIVIAN (ADDLEMAN) ?

OUR FAREWELL

——::——

Ah! shortly will the time be o'er
And we will then be gone;
So here we write our fond farewells
Before the year is done.

When swiftly thru the halls we go,
We see the faces dear
Of Freshmen, quite delighted when
We, dignified, appear.

Goodbye, wee Freshmen, may you be
So studious and meek
That you, alone, will not be left
Your graduation week.

Wise Sophomore, you know the best
What you most rightly need,
So study hard and study long;
Let this be your own creed.

Dear Junior, it will not be long
Till you a Senior are;
They'll sing sweet songs of love and praise
For you, both near and far.

We'll not forget you, faculty,
When we are far away;
We'll remember your good teachings
For they are there to stay. (?)

Thru Latin and thru Algebra,
All kinds of History;
We've gone thru English III and IV,
And thru out Chemistry.

Though some were hard and some were not,
We liked them all the same;
So, we love you, "Old Tipton High,"
We love that precious name.

Goodbye to one, goodbye to all,
To you we'll e'er be true,
And long o'er all, we hope, may fly
Colors of "White and Blue."

THELMA GREEN, '23.

FINANCIAL REPORT OF THIS BOOK.

In endeavoring to make this book a success three things were set aside that we must do; patronize our home town; secure the best printer, engraver and photographer to be had, and publish only the best material that the school produced. It was the money belonging to the people of Tipton and Tipton county that made this annual a financial success. By a little foresight at the first of the year we saw that this would be the case, therefore we endeavored to keep as much of this money in Tipton as possible. In letting the contract to the Tipton Daily Times was one of the best ideals that was handled in connection with this volume. Mr. Otto Lee, manager of the Times, has shown us more attention than we ever thought possible. To Mr. Lee we owe a large share of the credit in placing this annual before the people. Another to whom we must give a big per cent of the praise is Mr. R. D. Hughes, of the Fort Wayne Engraving Company, with whom the engraving contract was let. Mr. Hughes has been ready at all times to offer his personal assistance concerning any problem with which we had any difficulty in handling. Without his guidance we would have found ourselves with many difficult problems upon our hands. The photography was done by E. E. Mendenhall, who has spared no effort to make this Tiptonian a success. The material that is found within these pages is only the best selected from enough work to fill a book many times this size by the teachers of the English department. In selecting the poems, stories, jokes, etc., care has been taken to use only that which is original, that work which represents the personal effort of the members in the school.

Just a few words as to the income and cost of this annual. The total cost of publishing probably reached the eight hundred dollar mark. The different items are as follows: Engraving, two hundred and fifty dollars; printing, five hundred and twenty-five dollars; photography work, forty dollars; incidental expenses, thirty dollars. The money to finance this book came from three sources, namely, moving picture proceeds, one hundred dollars; advertising, two hundred and fifty dollars; and subscriptions, five hundred and twenty-five dollars, making a total of eight hundred and seventy-five dollars. Besides the seventy-five dollars left from this fund there are also the proceeds from the class play. The net proceeds will be donated either to the gymnasium or book fund of the school.

On behalf of the staff I wish to thank the students, teachers and the public who have shown great interest and proved much help to us in placing this publication in your hands.

V. V. SMITH, Business Manager Class '23.

JUNIORS

JUNIORS

Sitting, left to right—Irene Milburne, Minie Peck, Mildred Wert, Edrie Stansbury, Julia Dodd, Mary Bolden, Mary James, Agnes Gillispie, Iretha Alley, Martha Wright, Ella Mae Hobbs, Mary Porter, Mildred Katon, Carl Springer.

Standing, left to right—Fred Gibbons, Thelma Morris, Eula Kinder, Joseph Law, Harold Cully, John Mendenhall, Ralph Woody, Gerald Todd, Harry Binkley.

—o—

JUNIOR "TOOT-TOOT"

Early in the school year, the Junior English classes, under the supervision of Miss Pate and Miss Kimpel, conceived the idea of a weekly school paper. Journalism is in the prescribed course for Junior English, but for several years no class had succeeded in getting out a newspaper. This year, however, the two English classes were very successful in their efforts and the "Tipton Toot-Toot" was published every week until the end of the first semester, when it was feared that the publication might, in a way, injure the success of the Tiptonian, so the paper was discontinued. Each of the two Junior English classes published an edition of the paper, every other week, as Miss Kimpel's class published the "Jim-Jam" edition one week, and Miss Pate's class published the "Jinger" edition the following week. The paper contained the latest news of interest to the school in general, and was full of good, clean humor and wit. The paper was sold for 7 cents a copy, the actual cost of the printing and publishing, and the money made from the advertisements, that were procured from the Tipton merchants, was contributed to the Tipton High School Library and Gymnasium funds. The young journalists should receive much credit for their work, for the "Tipton Toot-Toot" was a great success from every standpoint, and it is hoped that in the following years the Junior classes will follow their example, and the "Tipton Toot-Toot" will become the established school paper in Tipton High School. JUNIOR EDITOR.

JUNIORS

Sitting, left to right—Robert Law, Edythe Tompkins, Bernice Burkhardt, Mary Means, Audrey Owens, Jean Storms, Esther Forkner, Juanita Peaul, Winona Smyser, Martha Allen, Helen Daniels, Caryl Hoover, Alice Bear, Margaret Addleman

Standing, left to right—Lester Wisman, Garland Dellinger, Philip Matthews, Harrison Smitson, Russell Hoover, Edwin Parkhurst, Harold Lentz, Harold Horton, John Burkhardt.

JUNIOR CLASS PARTY

The Junior class was delightfully entertained at the home of Margaret Addleman, Friday night, November 10, 1922, at a "Backwards" party. The guests arrived through the back door, with their costumes on backwards, and said their farewells to the hostess. Then refreshments, consisting of all sorts of good things to eat, were served, and the fun began. The Junior class has a great deal of musical talent, so most of the evening was spent in dancing. The entire faculty was invited and their presence was very much appreciated by the Juniors. At a late hour the guests departed after exchanging greetings with their hostess. This party was one of the most successful in the history of the Junior class.

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JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

In the fall of 1920 there entered the vast portals of T. H. S. a group of sweet young things, whom their elders called Freshmen. They were, however, freshmen in name and size only, for no sooner had the High School stairs quaked 'neath the tread of their feet, than did astonishings things begin to happen. The upper classmen and faculty were astounded at the intelligence of the newcomers, and at their easy, graceful manner of slipping into High School life. With great alacrity and a good deal of order

they held their first class meeting and elected Harold Cull as Class President and Vernon Campbell as Vice-President, as they were the only two members of the class wearing long trousers. Later, though, Humpy decided that the "B" was a better place to become fat than T. H. S., so John Mendenhall was elected to take his place. Esther Forkner was Secretary, and Julia Dodd, Treasurer. Several very successful parties were held during this year, but, contrasted with the following years, our Freshmen year was very uneventful. As Sophomores the class became notorious by means of a party held at the High School. We will speak lightly of this, as there is probably no one in T. H. S. who does not remember the recklessness of several young Sophomores at this party, and the excitement it caused. This year, a member of the fair sex held the place of honor, as Audrey Owens was chosen President of the class. Joseph Law was Vice-President and Clifford Harrison was Secretary and Treasurer. Audrey, though comparatively a stranger in our midst, proved herself very capable of holding her important position.

Again we must pass hurriedly over the adventures of these young hopefuls, for—now! They are Juniors! The Junior class is always the class in any high school and our class certainly proved this. Just think of all this class has done! Think of all it has accomplished! That wonderful little paper, the "Tipton Toot-Toot," did not make its appearance until the class of '24 decided that it should. And, as everything they decided has always come to pass, who shall dare say this paper was not a most astounding success?

Another cause of merit to our class is that those splendid basketball players, Law, Coy, Gibbons and Woody, are Juniors. Three Juniors were selected to be members of the "Boosters' Club," and two of them became officers of the club.

The Class President, Bob Law, has held an office in the various Junior classes for three years, and so, indeed, has proved himself a true and loyal Junior. He became so attached to the class he could not bear to leave it. It seems however, that many are affected the same way, for think of the number of supposed Seniors who have graced our class this year. Our other officers, Fred Gibbons, Vice-President; Edythe Tompkins, Secretary, and Mildred Katon, Treasurer, together with the Executive Committee, our wonderful Miss West, and the co-operation of the entire class, carried the Junior year through, accomplishing wonderful feats, unsurpassed by any former Junior class. Come, let's all cheer the class of '24!

HELEN DANIELS.

CLASS OF '24

——::——

MOTTO

Impossible Is Un-American

CLASS COLORS

Green and White

CLASS FLOWER

White Rose

CLASS OFFICERS

Robert Law ---------- President
Fred Gibbons ---------- Vice-President
John Mendenhall ---------- Secretary
Mildred Katon ---------- Treasurer
Miss West ----------Class Advisor

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE IN EVERY SCHOOL

THE "LADY KILLER" — A COMBINATION OF RODOLPH VALENTINO AND THE PRINCE OF WALES. HE POWDERS HIS EARS AND MANICURES HIS TOE NAILS.

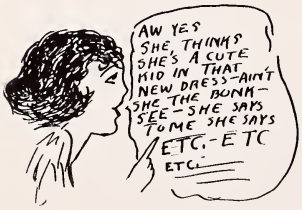
THE FLAPPER — ALREADY VOLUMES HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT HER. WHAT WOULD SCHOOL BE WITHOUT HER?

THE BOOK WORM — THIS IS A NEW KIND. HE DOSEN'T READ SHAKESPEARE NOR WELLS AS THE OLD TIMER DID.

THE SHY GIRL — SORRY TO SAY THIS TYPE IS RAPIDLY BECOMING EXTINCT.

THE "CUT UP" — NO SCHOOL IS COMPLETE WITHOUT HALF A DOZEN OF THESE "BIRDS." THEY BREAK THE MONOTONY.

THE BOOSTER — THE YELL LEADER'S STAUNCHEST SUPPORT AS WELL AS THE SCHOOL'S BEST ADVERTISER.



THE GABBLE TONGUE — PERIODS MAY COME AND PERIODS MAY GO. BUT HER TONGUE GOES ON FOREVER. THIS TYPE IS NOT CONFINED TO THE GIRLS ALONE.

THE WOMAN HATER — IF THIS FELLOW THOUGHT A GIRL WOULD MISTAKE HIM FOR A "SHEIK" HE'D LEAVE THE COUNTRY.

THE LIGHT HEARTED — LIFE, FOR THIS FELLOW IS JUST ONE JOKE AFTER ANOTHER. HE DOSEN'T EVEN TAKE THE TERM EXAMS SERIOUSLY. "LANKY" 1/29/23

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SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORES

STANDING: Left to right, Ernest Cline, Lloyd Smith, Ralph Lett, Julian Vines, Robert Roode, Robert Legg, Robert Wright, Bernard Purvis and Raymond Weisemiller.

SEATED: Left to right, Leah Click, Lavon Bozell, Martha Manifold, Geneva Manship, Anna Barrow, Ella Michel, Rosie Emehiser, Lois Bozell, Edrie Small, Nellie Duncan, Lois Mock, Agnes Holloway, Madelyn Rayls and Harriet Nicholson.

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SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

When we entered the H. S. Building for the first time, we were very dignified Sixth Graders. We were all "puffed up" until Mr. Van looked at us and then we could feel ourselves diminishing in size. Couldn't we now own up? Of course we had a few brave ones among us. We learned that Mr. Van was not really so fierce though.

As Seventh Grade students we felt very superior to the Sixth Grade as far as knowledge was concerned. During that year we were deprived of one of our dearest classmates, Frances Shotts.

We thought there was no one quite like our class when we reached the Eighth Grade, and there wasn't. They took the Sixth Grade to the Third Ward that year, and finally let our dignified Junior girls, who were Freshies then, come up stairs.

In the fall of 1921 when we entered the T. H. S. as Freshies we felt very important.

This feeling lasted until we reached the H. S. Assembly and then pride took a tumble. We didn't know what to do or say. The girls all found seats in one corner of the Assembly and the boys

SOPHOMORES

STANDING: Left to right, Hubert Thompson, Arthur Coffey, Garland Sturdevant, Russell Lowery, Robert Nichols, Lester Amsbury, LaVerne McNew, Carl Graf, Bernard Walsh and Santford Durham.

SEATED: Left to right, Eunice Mettlen, Vernette Goar, Elizabeth Grishaw, Margaret Bates, Marian Weaver, Anna Hobbs, Frances Lane, Louise Russell, Gertrude Felton, Edith Harrison, Mabel Patterson, Florence Richmand, Winona Prifogle, Hattie Zimmerman and Pauline Redd.

Sophomores who failed to have their pictures taken were: Dorothy Armstrong, Janice Goodwin, Harold DeLong, Fred Hill, Bernice Hobbs, Minnie Hobbs, Russel Hoover, Harold Hott, Harriet Messmore, Grace Mullins, Dorotha Siess, Harrison Smitson, Winona Smyser, Lester Wismon, Amy Winslow and Richmond Beam.

—o—

were not to be seen until they came in under the guidance of some of the upper classmen. After a week or two we felt that we could breathe without causing any serious disturbance.

We felt very big and important when we were allowed to have our first class meeting. We elected Harold Walker, President; Marian Weaver, Vice-President; Eunice Mettlin, Secretary-Treasurer. Miss Brown was our class advisor. Our class colors were blue and old gold; our motto was, "Hitch your wagon to a star," and our class flower was the violet.

We had our first and only class party at the home of Lavon Bozell, Where an enjoyable evening was spent with loads of fun. We had a picnic one day during the last week of school at Bishop's Park.

Our hearts held no timidity as we came to school last September. Our number is not quite so large as last year, but we are still going strong. There were many new faces among the faculty this year, but we have grown to know and like them as we did those last year.

Hail to the class of '25!

DOROTHY ARMSTRONG, Class Editor.

CLASS OF '25

——::——

MOTTO

The elevator to success is not running;
Stairs.
the
Take

COLORS

Red and White.

FLOWER

White Sweet Pea.

OFFICERS

Raymond Weisemiller ----------President
Hattie Zimmermann ----------Vice-President
Vernette Goar ----------Secretary
Ralph Lett ----------Treasurer
Miss Kimpel ----------Advisor

EE
FRESHMEN

FRESHMEN

STANDING: Left to right, Victor Cameron, Robert Nash, Francis Perry, Paul Woodruff, William Marshall, James Sowers, Raymond Bieri, Robert Booth, Alonzo Callahan, Essig Durr, John Teter, Darrell Johnson, Ernest Martz, Clyde Webb, Hubert Dunham, Donald Burkett, Frank Purvis, Ford Burrows, Milton Stansberry, Frank Newkirk, Kenneth Finley, Clavoy Suits, Floyd Miller, Doris Mock, Robert Cain, Howard Miller, Glen Winton, Robert Collins.

SITTING: Left to right, Helen Burkhardt, Hortense Devault, Opal Carter, Bernice Whistler, Beth Michel, Pearl Milton, Frances West, Wilda Woodruff, Mary Oglebay, Elizabeth Weaver, Mary Richards, Elizabeth Null, Helen James, Mildred Goodman, Louise Perry, Dena Richards, Elizabeth Chambers, Mary Edith Curry, Lavetta Fowler, Edith Baity, Dorothy Baldwin.

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CLASS HISTORY

The annual crop of fresh greenies or green freshies bloomed as usual this year in Tipton High School. We got much too smart to stay down stairs any longer, so came up almost a hundred strong. We started growing very properly by electing Jack Havens as our president, Opal Carter as vice-president, Bob Nash as secretary and Mary Miller as treasurer. Our motto, we decided, should be, "Get the other fellow 'fore he gets you," which is certainly what we poor little freshies have to do.

The usual Hobbs people came over, too, and they stepped right in with the rest of the class and are now coming along with flying colors. One of their members, Bob Hobbs by name, was elected almost unanimously as a representative of the whole student body for the Boosters' Club, a thing heretofore unheard of in T. H. S.

FRESHMEN

——::——

STANDING: Left to right, Harold Walker, Robert Wright, Worth Sowers, Robert Hobbs, Arnold Schulenburg, Glen Fox, Earl Morris, Hanson Gifford, Don Burkett, Germaine Howard, Harold Johns, Hubert Thompson, Herschel Bess, Hubert Buroker, Jack Havens, Stephen Smith, Arnold Suttong, Roy Stith, Donald McCreary, William Newhouse, Iva Phares, Opal Linas, Evelyn Warder, Buster Reynolds, Mary Miller.

SITTING: Left to right, Irene Keeler, Bessie McCreary, Mary Eppard, Margaret Keefe, Lillian Beck, Dorothy Barnes, Nina Plane, Mary Pape, Juanita Pierce, Crystal Stewart, Katherine Wilson, Pansy Brogden, Mary Dennis, Ella Watson, Helen Wright, Blanche Boyd, Estelle Kessler, Ruth Gerard, Edna Hott, Isabel Redmond, Edna Achenbach.

—o—

We also felt very well satisfied with ourselves when we chose William Newhouse and Evelyn Warder as representatives of the Freshie class for the Boosters' Club—the gay and the serious, you see.

We have not had any class parties yet, but that only shows how industrious we are, and although all of us do not yet know how to behave properly at basket ball games, as do the dignified Seniors and Juniors, we hope to learn.

We have also helped fill up some vacancies in the orchestra, and as for chorus, well, 'nuff said.

Very little can be said about the Freshies as yet, for we haven't done very much, but by the time we are Juniors or Seniors we know we will have more distinguished and popular members than have yet graduated from old T. H. S.

ELIZABETH WEAVER, Class Editor.

CLASS OF '26

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MOTTO

Get the Other Fellow 'Fore He Gets You

CLASS COLORS

Purple and Gold

CLASS FLOWER

Wild Rose

CLASS OFFICERS

Jack Havens ---------- President
Opal Carter ----------Vice-President
Robert Nash ---------- Secretary
Mary Miller ---------- Treasurer
Mr. Schooley ---------- Class Advisor

LITERARY

DON'T BE AN ACTRESS

MARY ANNE EVANS lived in New York with her aunt, Jane Evans. Aunt Jane was an eccentric old lady who spent all her time saying "don't" to Mary Anne. Now half of the "don'ts" that Aunt Jane advised, Mary Anne never would have thought of herself, but when Aunt Jane thought of them for her, why shouldn't she try them, especially since she had plenty of money and her guardian (Mary Anne was thankful that her aunt wasn't her guardian) was very liberal?

Mary Anne piloted her aunt to the picture show one evening and on their way home Aunt Jane exclaimed:

"Whatever you do, Mary Anne, don't be an actress!"

Now, Mary Anne had no intention of becoming an actress, but right then and there she made up her mind to be one.

Next morning she said to herself, "If Aunt Jane says 'don't' thirteen times before breakfast, I'll be an actress and a vampire one at that. My eyes and hair are dark enough."

Mary Anne counted thirteen "don'ts" in about as many minutes and then let auntie rave on while she blissfully made her plans.

"The first thing to do is to change my name. Mary Anne Evans is too flat sounding for an actress. And some new clothes and, goodness knows it's going to be a lot of work."

After breakfast Mary Anne investigated her stock of cash, but since it was near the end of the month it was rather low. That was disheartening, but then Mr. Ellison, her guardian, was good natured. She called at his office and in a commanding tone of voice (a tone very different from Mary Anne's usual one) asked for a sum of money that surprised the old man.

'Well, what's my little girl up to now?" he asked smilingly. The old man, who had been her father's friend and partner, seemed much dearer to her than her Aunt Jane, and she usually confided her plans to him.

"Well, Daddy Ellison, I'm going to be an actress!"

"An actress!"

"Yes, you see it was like this," and she told him all about the thirteen "don'ts" and how she had decided to be an actress, "a vampire one," just to "show Aunt Jane that she can't boss me."

"My dear child, you wouldn't make any kind of a vampire

at all. You couldn't. You couldn't play the part at all. You're an all right flapper, but a flapper and a vampire are two different things."

He reached for his check book and wrote her a check.

"Take this and buy yourself some clothes or have a party or something, but don't be an actress."

A few days later Mary Anne gave a luncheon. Among her guests was Jack Marsh, who had recently become a movie director.

Though Mary Anne may not have been a vampire, she certainly was a flapper, and Jack was soon her faithful slave. Her slightest wish was law, but when she mentioned her desire to be an actress he only said:

"Please, Mary Anne, grant me this one request—don't be an actress!"

And for the first time a "don't" didn't make her angry and set her to planning how to overcome that "don't."

ELIZABETH EPPARD, '23.

JUST SIXTEEN

——::——

ISN'T it great to be just sixteen,
With parties, and friends and such—
When everyone really counts a lot—
But nobody counts too much:
When love is just a story book
That you're going to read some day,
And sorrow is only a favorite doll,
That's broken and laid away.

Isn't it great to be just sixteen,
Though it only last a year?
Why! the best of life is almost gone
Before we know it's here,
And after the years have hurried by,
You'll long for the ruffles, and giggles, and all—
And wish you were—just sixteen.

THE COLORED MAN

——::——

-R-A-S-H! B-A-N-G!

June ran as fast as ever she could toward the rear of the house, for the tremendous sound seemed to have come from that direction. Reaching the kitchen, she flung open the door and almost ran into the arms of a tall black-faced, black-haired person with hands and clothing of the same hue.

"Don't be frightened, ma'am," a soft, drawling voice counselled her, "only the stove pipe fell down, and although it made a terrible muss, I can easily fix it up again."

"But what on earth are **you** doing here? Go away, please. James can put that pipe in place. I say, Go!" She stamped her small foot and motioned toward the open door.

"I would like to explain, Miss"—the very nice voice was hardly one to come from a colored man—"but if you all say I must, I reckon that will be about the best thing to do," and he walked out of the open door into the adjacent street.

June Carlyle, eighteen and extremely pretty, sank into the nearest chair and surveyed the scene of the disaster. Her heart sank a notch as she noted the sooty room which, only a few minutes before, had been an immaculately white kitchen, but June Carlyle was not one to be easily daunted, even though she was only four feet ten inches tall.

"Why was that man here?" she questioned herself, "and how did that stove pipe ever fall on him? If he had not been so terrifically black, I might have thought it was all soot. Well, I suppose I must begin to clean this kitchen. What a nice looking place!" And glancing disapprovingly about the room she arose and gingerly approached her task.

The next afternoon, June, looking like a dainty white flower, tripped gaily down the avenue to a reception given by Mrs. Mendenhall Pierce in honor of her nephew, Jack Lee, from New Orleans. The nephew proved to be a very tall young man, extremely handsome, with black patent-leather pomp and soft gray eyes. He was immediately attracted by June, but she gave him only a glance when introduced and passed on, not even hearing what was said.

"Miss Carlyle," a soft voiced drawled as June stood alone

momentarily a little later in the evening, "would you all like a little refreshment?"

June looked up into the grey eyes of Jack Lee, and although she did not want to, she assented. As they reached the table she again felt those eyes drawing her, and this time, when she looked at him a tiny scar just healing was noticeable on his forehead; but of course she could not satisfy her curiosity.

"Were you all noting my defects?" he inquired, laughingly. "There is an exciting story attached to that," he finished, touching the scar.

"Oh, what?" slipped from June's lips ere she though. Strange stories were always very interesting to her.

'Well, as you all know, I just arrived here in Natchez yesterday morning, and as the houses along this street resemble closely, and I had not been here for some time, I hardly knew which house to choose as my aunt's. I finally made my choice, but could get no response from ringing the door-bell. I had fully made up my mind that I had the correct house, so I set my suitcase on the veranda and went around to the rear door. Thinking that my aunt would surely be at home, I just walked in, but when I had gone as far as the dining room, doubt as to my surroundings began to swell in my mind and I decided that the place for me would better be on the outside of the door, so I began my retreat, which ended, as you may suspect, in general disaster. At that very moment fate had ordained that a certain kitchen stovepipe should fall upon my unlucky head. The young lady of the house was aroused from some remote corner of the house and came running to see what caused the great commotion. I reckon she thought I was a colored man, for she—"

"I—I—" June stammered.

Jack looked at her inquiringly.

"Go on," she said.

"For she appeared to be greatly agitated and I had to leave before I could get a chance to explain." His laughter was hardly controllable as he ended his narration.

June's face had become decidely pink. For once in her life she was at a loss for words.

"I—I—It was—I mean that I was the young lady and I did think you were a colored man," she finally managed to say.

"Well, I'm sure glad I wasn't," Jack reorted, gleefully.

And, for some strange reason, June was glad, too.

EUNICE METTLEN.

THE POINT OF VIEW

TODAY is an English exam,
And you don't know your stuff.
When the teacher says, "Begin to write,"
I ask you, "Ain't life tough?"

You think the questions over,
And think that you might know one,
But when you've written all you know
You say, "I must be dumb!"

The teacher is coming toward you,
Your paper is in her hand—
You've made the highest in the class,
I ask you, "Ain't life grand?"

BERNICE FINLEY.

TIPTON HIGH SCHOOL

T is for the Toot-Toot paper small.
I is for the income, not the least of all.
P is for the pep of Senior High.
T is for the team we boost, so try.
O is for the opposition our team must stand.
N in opposition means nothing in our hand.

H is for our yell leader "Harold."
I is for his instinct, we are told.
G is for the Ginger in the yells.
H is for the help he asks and tells.

S is for the sum of pupils great.
C is for correction if you're late.
H is for the happy bunch they be.
O is out of reason, so don't serve tea.
O is for the order and the rule.
L is the love we cherish for our school.

HIS NEIGHBOR'S DAUGHTER

ELL, TOM, why didn't you come over for dinner yesterday evening as you promised you would?" questioned Mr. Murray.

The person addressed was a tall, handsome youth of twenty-one years of bashfulness. He would have easily passed for Rudolph Valentino in looks, but not in actions. His hair was dark and was well glued to his head by plenty of oil. He was of an olive complexion, dark searching eyes, and a slender, well-formed nose. His dress showed taste and style and he was well poised, but his one fault, bashfulness.

"Mr. Murray, you see, I—I had to entertain a boy friend and that is how I was detained. I am sorry to have caused you any inconvenience."

"Tom," replied Mr. Murray, "I forgive you myself, but Sarah was very much hurt by your not coming. She had planned on it so much."

"Oh! I see," said Tom; "I am sorry." And with that he left Mr. Murray's office.

Mr. Murray had hired Tom at the request of Tom's father in hopes of breaking Tom of his awful habit. Now, Mr. Murray knew that although Tom was a faithful worker he was not getting away from his timidness. Mr. Murray had a daughter of nineteen and she and her father had been planning to help Tom. And Sarah, as this was her name, was anxious to do it because—well, she didn't know, so it was just—because.

She was the pride of the town and she always had a host of admirers. And she seemed to enjoy having them, still she liked Tom, but why should he act so? She couldn't understand it. Sarah was a brunette by right, but at this time of the year blondes were the vogue. So that is the way she appeared at this time. She had black eyes and had a fair complexion. She was of ordinary height and the sight of her would make any masculine heart flutter.

She had grown up with Tom and had lived next door to him all her life. They had played together ever since they were big enough to walk, and for him to treat her this way—well, she certainly would fix him.

She and her father found out that they would never be able to get Tom to come over there, so they arranged with Tom's

father for them to come over to his house some night for dinner.

The fatal night arrived and Tom knew nothing of it and prepared for his evening meal as usual, and was much surprised when his employer and Sarah were ushered into the room where he was sitting on the divan, on which more than one can be accommodated. Sarah took advantage of this and sat down beside him. She quietly asked him, "What are you reading, Tom, the Society Section?"

"No, I am reading the Weather Bureau Section," faltered Tom.

"Rising temperature, I suppose?" said Mr. Murray, as he sat down in a large, comfortable rocker.

Tom was spared much embarrassment by the announcement of dinner, and they all repaired to the table.

During the meal Tom was so confused that he upset his tea in an attempt to wipe his lips, but he managed to remain throughout the meal, after which they strolled into the drawing room and talked about the happenings of the day. Finally a wink from Sarah meant for the two older men to leave the room and they made excuse for departing and left the house entirely. Tom sat in a rocker and Sarah sat on a divan.

She was the first to break the long silence. "Tom," she said, "tell me, what is love?" Poor Tom, he didn't want to know, so he said, "A lot of nonsense."

"But, Tom," said Sarah, "I like nonsense."

Tom began to think that he would burn up, his cheeks were blistered by their own heat, but still he was able to keep up a conversation.

"Tom, come here; I can't possibly hear a word you say."

Tom arose and obeyed, as he didn't know what else to do. He sat at the end of the divan opposite Sarah.

"Tom, I have something in my eye; come help me get it out." Tom obeyed and helped get the imaginary something out of her eye. Before he knew what he was doing he stooped and kissed her on the forehead and the spell was broken, for before she could slowly jerk away he had kissed her again.

"Tom!" she screamed, "what have you done?"

"Why—why, I guess I kissed you," said Tom.

"Well, Tom," said Sarah, "that is a sign you love me and you said love was nonsense."

"Sarah, I have changed my mind and I rather like nonsense

myself. I have really loved you all my life, but was too backward to ask you for fear you would refuse me. I am going to ask your father when he comes if I may marry you. He promised me a half-interest in his business if I would get married, but I never dreamed that he was hinting for you."

At that moment the two fathers came in and Tom asked them both if he might not marry Sarah. They smiled innocently and Sarah's father said, "Suit yourself about marrying Sarah, Tom."

Tom's father was the happiest man on earth at that moment because of Tom's being cured of being bashful and all on account of his neighbor's daughter.

EMERSON EWING.

"THE WANDERER"

TOO many years I've wandered,
Through all the countries known.
But I found in the years I squandered
No country like my own.

I'm coming back, dear old land,
O land I've longed to see
Since I last gazed at Liberty's hand,
Upheld, in farewell to me.

I'm coming back, yes, coming back,
Oh, land of good men and true;
The men who've shown their zeal to back
Our beloved red, white and blue.

Too many years I've wandered
Through all the countries known.
But I found in the years I squandered
No country like my own.

MARION HERRON.

SIR IVANHOE

'TWAS Hallowe'en night, and the spooks came out,
To make the people cry and shout.
Now, everyone was disguised in costumes bold,
The heroes were clowns and coons and knights of old;
Elfs and goblins danced around in joy,
But, braver than all, was one small boy.
He wore a false nose, and whiskers long,
He carried a sword and sang a gay song.
He cried, "Who am I? Why, don't you know?
I am none but Sir Ivanhoe!"
The old folks smiled, and shuddered, too!
They wondered what the spooks would do.
Ivanhoe sallied forth in brave array;
The night was dark. He wished it was day.
When a rumbling noise he did hear
He peered over his shoulder in horrid fear.
Then the moon went behind a cloud,
There appeared a ghost—dressed in a shroud!
He turned and would have fled,
But he saw another spook. Enough is said.
His handsome sword of glittering steel
Was snatched from him. He began to squeal.
One spook grabbed the jaunty feather from his hat;
The other just groaned. Dismal groan, at that.
Young Ivanhoe let out one yell
In the hope his mother could hear and could tell
It was her darling in sore distress,
Then—all was black. When daylight came, yes!
He heard the Doctor say, "No, he won't die.
Feed him onions and lots of mince pie.
But for heaven's sake, next Hallowe'en
Dress him like a girl or some such thing."
Everyone laughed and wagged their heads so,
That 'neath the covers went little Ivanhoe.
Never before had he had such a fright
As on that dark and dreary Hallowe'en night.

HELEN DANIELS, '24.

"THE WOULD-BE POET"

WRITE a poem," they said to me,
"'Tis all you have to do,
Why, sit there idle all the time,
What good does it do you?"
So I sit here, with pencil sharp,
But, oh, how dull my wit!
"Write a poem, write a poem."
The thought gives me a fit.
They need something for the "Toot-Toot"
And the Tiptonian, too.
To do both is a pretty hard job,
More than one fellow can do.
But I'm getting off the subject.
What did it all concern?
Oh, yes, to write a poem.
Will I ever, ever learn?
Why do they expect me
To write poetry, sublime,
When it's just all I can do
To get this thing to rhyme?

HELEN DANIELS, '24.

APPRECIATION

WHEN the wind blows round the town
On a dark and wintry night
And you walk swifty down the street
Shaking with cold and fright;
When you come at last in sight of home
Where all is warm and bright,
Oh, then a joy fills your heart,
With love of home and light.

ANN CUNNINGHAM.

"IF—"

OULDN'T this be a funny old world,
If book reports were never due,
If we didn't have to take exams,
Or have Geometry problems to do?
If teachers giggled all the time,
Like all the pupils, bright(?)
If we didn't have a basketball team
To win fame for us and to fight?
If every one would come to school
And always be on time?
Or if to know your lessons well
Was considered a terrible crime?
If girls would always hurry so
They'd forget to powder their noses?
If we'd bring to the teachers every day
Big bouquets of roses?
If we'd hear some Sophomore say
"He loved to read about Caesar."
Or English students say aloud,
'Chaucer was a fine old geezer."
If Calvert was a married man
Who didn't care for the lasses.
If Louis should play basketball
And at the same time wear glasses?
If somebody would look at Schooley,
And say, "Oh, isn't he fat?"
If each class had a mascot,
As a dog, a lion or a cat?
If Freshmen never made mistakes?
If boys would dress like girls?
If Encyclopedias didn't exist?
And Histories were made of pearls?
But, ye gods, why say all this,
What good does it do?
I haven't studied my History yet,
And I **must** get that book review!

A JUNIOR, '24.

SENORA SANCTA VENGO

IN the shadow of the monastery,
Old, deserted and mossgrown,
An outlawed Mexican lay dying
And his soul had all but flown.
From his lips came words so low,
"Senora Sancta Vengo."

In his memory rose a vision,
Of his youth so far away,
Bonita stood before him smiling,
Lips so sweet with power to slay,
Curved with scorn at the whispered words,
"Senora Sancta Vengo."

"Dios!"—Mingled with his prayers were curses,
But in his heart he did not hate!
He loved her though she had proved faithless—
And had sent him to his fate.
His voice was low, his smile was faint,
"Senora Sancta Vengo."

ELIZABETH EPPARD.

EDITORS AND CREDITS

THERE are many, many editors
In this wide world today,
Who fight for fame and power
And the right to say their say.

There are many would-be editors
In T. H. S. today,
Who grasp for grades and credits
That are bound to get away.

MILDRED WERT.

"LIFE IS JOY"

IFE should be joy,
To those walking in the night,
Who see the wonderous moon
Shining with silvery light.

Life should be a joy,
To those in early May,
Who see the tiny flowers in bloom
And hear the birds' songs all the day.

VIVIAN ADDLEMAN.

OUR LANGUAGE

HE verse you write
You say is written;
All rules despite,
But not despitten;
The gas you light
is never litten.

The things you drank
Were doubtless drunk;
The boy you spank
Was never spunk.
A friend you thank
But never thunk.

Suppose you speak,
Then you have spoken;
But if you sneak,
You have not snoken,
The shoes that squeak
Have never squoken.

A dog will bite,
Likewise has bitten,
With all his might,
But not his mitten;
You fly your kite,
But not your kitten.

DOROTHY ARMSTRONG.

THEM DAYS ARE GONE FOREVER!

MANY'S the change since our sturdy old ancestors blazed their trails through wilderness, desert and swamp. Many's the "tough" old time they endured with grim smile, struggling, fighting onward with naughty redskins, disease, pestilence and facing starvation at all seasons; but they were true "stuff" and on they came.

I repeat it. Many's the change since the days of yore. There's as much difference in the years of 1522 and 1922 as there is between ice cream and cold cream. Hey?

Just think of your great grandfather's graddad's grandpa's pop—a rugged, grizzled, gnarled, sun-tanned, weather-beaten old human being, who thought that a hair cut was a species of lice and a bath was beyond all consideration. When he was a stalwart lad of fifteen or sixteen years, the duties of the old homestead fell upon his youthful shoulers. After laboring all day in the "clearin'" splittin' rails, "grubbin'" and shootin' at Indians, who happened to be passin' by, why, he and his pa would come home, and give their coon-skin bonnets a toss at the pegs on the wall and set their trusty blunderbusses behind the door and lie down on the floor to await supper, which was merrily sizzling in the pot. The evening meal of venison and parched corn being over and the dishes sterilized, the family group would gather about the blazing hearth: mother spinning and rockin' the cradle and pa would be calmly pickin' the burrs out of his whiskers. After reading a few verses from Abou Adhem why, pa would yawn once or twice and stretch his huge form and them was harbingers that bed-time was drawin' nigh. As it was gettin' rather late, about four or five in the evening, why, the family would depart to their respective boudoirs. And maybe after pa was in his fur-lined pajamas and sonny was still lingering beside the fireplace, writin' on the shovel or chasin' cooties or something, and pa would happen to see how late it was he'd "beller," "Son, ain't ye ever goin' to bed?!!!" And poor son would wearily climb the ladder to the sleeping porch and soon would be lulled to sleep by the howling of the wolves on the roof and the whistling of the wind through the chinks in his "hoodwah." Wasn't that tough? But wait—let's carry on.

About two or three the next morning, why, poor son would be "hiked out" to begin the day and after rubbin' the snow out

of his eyes, he'd go down to breakfast and stow away from twenty to twenty-five big, steaming flapjacks with "'lasses" and wash 'em down with eleven or twelve flagons of milk and solemnly declare, "Ma, I didn't feel very hungry this morning." Ye guides! And then he'd go out for a little preliminary exercise as chasin' the buffaloes off of the lawn or playing with some pole kitten, and so he spent his boyhood, but don't think he didn't have any fun, 'cause as the old adage says, "All labor and no frolic makes Jack melancholic" or something like that. They had log-rollin's, apple-peelink's, huskin' bees, keg-raisin's, and other community gatherings. Now, when they had a big barn dance, why, the young cavalier of the timber would brush up his "Oshkosh Begoshes" and black his boots with snake-oil and soot and after saddling the old family cayuse, why, he'd "step out" to call on his "lady fair" and escort her to the dance. Hot tamale!! He would approach her oaken bower and whistle low, like a fog horn i na blizzard and then he'd ride up to a stump and the blushing bride of his dream would mount to the tail-bone of his stamping charged via stump. And thus they bounced along to the dance.

The evening consisted of square dancin,' "the hoe-down," jigs, contests and the fiddlers fiddled and the dancers danced and the stables rang with the merriment. It was finally ended with a big feed, after which "bon voyage" was wished to one and all.

But, ah! As the romantic young people jostled homeward, he holds her dimpled hand in his and tells of the fine weather they were having and all about crops n'everythin, but at last dismounting like a shoe-maker's hammer, she turns her blushing cheek to his quivering lips as a lover's token. They don't any more than connect until she modestly disappears across the threshhold and he frantically makes a flyin' tackle at old "Dobbin," and hides his flaming cheeks in the old nag's mane, all the while bootin' it in the ribs for home.

Romantic! Hey? But even at that—them was the good old days. But now! Just look at it!!! Oh, Allah! have mercy! We see America of today with its husting, bustling, crowding, jamming cities and its modernized countrysides. Everybody on the trot in pursuit of the almighty dollar. Everybody worrying what they're going to wear and about something somebody has got that they haven't. Ain't it a fact?

When young Johnny of 1922 goes to school all day; struggling, fighting onward, striving to gain a little knowledge in

Latin, Music, Dramatics and other epidemics, it's a miracle he comes through at all. At supper time father comes blustering in from a hard day in the office and then the entire family is settled around the table; perhaps father asks son if he's brought in the night's coal or if there's any kindling chopped for the morning's fire, and Johnny, sheepishly peers between his sideburns and makes reply that he was always gettin' the tough end of everything and that he just couldn't possibly have done his evening's work because he had to go to the barber shop and get a marcel, on account of a "shin-dig" he was going to attend and he finally winds up by asking for a donation for social adventure.

We think we have a tough life, but think of the times our forefathers went through and we'll see how lucky we are. But let's see young Johnny of 1922 as he "sallys forth" in social conquest. He trips along in his patent leathers, which shine beneath the floppin' of his bell-bottomed trousers and he is indeed the centipedes' toe-nails. He arrives at "Bobbies" barracks, where he pushes a wicked door-bell and the appears in her bobbed-hair and Rushing boots and greets him with a smack or two—but any way she does. And on the journey to the dance she hangs on his arm like a sailor in distress and he hangs on to one of his dad's Havana's and thusly they proceed to the "rub." And as they wade in and out among the Kiddie cars to the entrance she tells him how perfectly stunning he looks and that he's the only "coo-coo' she relishes and all that rot. They finally get in to the riot after he's been examined and cross-questioned to see if he can do the "Tonsilitis tango" and can cough like a real-for-sure consumptive, why, he's relieved of his jungle and allowed to pass on.

And as we gaze upon the dazzling sensation of the evening, I just wonder what our Puritan ancestors would do if they appeared on the scene. And as I see young America wrapt in the deadly throes of the "Musterole Fox-Trot" or the "St. Vitus Glide," I just wonder what this old universe of ours is comin' to and I just wish for the days of "way back yonder."

When you set down to reading the daily paper you see the list and account of human beings that's been ripped up the back by automobiles and of the numerous accidents, strikes, murders, robberies, bootleggers, marriages, divorces, suits for alimony and other crimes, or where some ex-king is still enjoyin' delicate health or where a grocer is going to raffle off a dozen eggs. It's simply terrible the way our old world is doin'—but what can you do? Oh, for the days of ancient time! But what's the use, I ask? Them days are gone forever!!!

CHONG, '24.

"EXIT: THE FLAPPER"

AY back in '22.
The flapper was the Queen,
Her short skirts and bobbed hair
Were common to be seen,
Athletic, full of life,
Sport oxfords and silk hose,
Galoshes and Russian boots,
And such eccentric clothes;
Red, red lips and pretty face,
Her scarf of colors bright;
A cigarette and vanity case—
A flapper, a common sight.
Her rule was short,
Is a girl of another type
With the same pretty face,
Her skirts are very long;
Her heels are very high,
The bobbed hair has grown long,
(A thing that caused a sigh)
However, she has our respect,
This graceful, dignified lass,
For is she not our American girl,
Whom no one can surpass?
The flippant, flapper age
Is now a thing of the past,
So we can't help but wonder,
How long will this one last?

HELEN DANIELS, '24.

THE FATE OF A FLIRT

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BEG your pardon, lady, but you will have to move into the front chair. It is my mistake, for I placed you wrong. This chair is reserved at the next station. I am sorry to have disturbed you," and the porter departed carrying her coat, hat and bag down the aisle, while the lady, a young girl of twenty years, stared at him in utter astonishment. He had just awakened her from the most lovely dream, and now, of course, her nose shone and there went her bag down the aisle between rows of chairs filled with staring people and she must follow. Having seated herself in the new chair she glanced around her. She couldn't study the people in the car, but could only see them come in, watch the scenery of nature slip by the window and hear voices coming from the drawing room.

"I wonder who could be in there?" she asked herself. "I know what I'll do—since I'm alone I'll watch everyone who is in the drawing room and perhaps sometihng exciting will happen."

At the next station a young man and an elderly lady left the drawing room. "Oh, dear," thought the lonely girl, "there goes a perfectly good looking young fellow I didn't even get my eyes on." Her eyes were large, brown and very wonderful to look at —and, oh, how they called the young men from near and far when they wished to, and, oh, how haughty and cold they could be.

Among the passengers coming in was a large, attractive lady in black, who took the chair she had vacated. "Hum," mused the girl, "so this is the lady I moved for. I think I shall watch her; she looks mysterious, and, oh, yes, I'll call her the 'Lady in Black.'"

Her eyes glanced at the entrance of the drawing room to discover a young man entering, a very interesting young man. He was very good looking and well dressed; really he was an ideal young man, but where had she seen him before? He seemed very familiar to her still—surely she did not know him.

Having disposed of his overcoat he came to the door to look about. Their eyes met and both at first held a bit of surprise, then a question in them.

This little scene having repeated itself many times, he could stand it no longer. Approaching he said:

"Are you not Mary Volstead of Atlanta, Georgia, whom I met at the state tennis tournament in March?

Smiling she answered, "I am she, but I can't for the life of

me remember your name, though I remembered you when I first saw you."

"I am Ted McFarlin."

"Ted McFarlin! Why, of course. You must forgive me for forgetting. I remember we dined together and—"

"Yes, and I proposed to you twice if I remember correctly," he continued.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "didn't we have a wonderful time last year? Those times are good to remember; I wish they were back again. You see, the folks moved North and we now live in Columbus, Ohio, and, oh, but things are slow there. The people are so cold and unhospitable. At least it seems so to me."

"No doubt it does," he replied, "after living in the warm, free, happy South. I certainly was treated royally while in the South."

They chatted for quite a long time and during this commonplace conversation their eyes met many times, working many wonders. "It is certainly nice to meet you again, Miss Volstead, and as I happen to live in Columbus, perhaps some time we will be able to show you how hospitable the North can be."

And he left her, going back to the drawing room. Here he sat thinking. Wherever he looked her eyes gleamed back at him Even when he closed his eyes her face gleamed out of the darkness.

She was a natural-born flirt, and that was her only defect. How could he cure her of this one and only fault? He thought she liked him, for there was a light in her eyes as she talked to him that had nto been there as she had flirted with other men he had known. Perhaps she really cared for him, but how could he find out? Then, oh, he knew and as he thought out his plan.

Mary sat in her chair not far away and thees thoughts ran through her mind:

"He is quite the nicest man I have met for a long time. I think I like him, but he looked very disapprovingly at me. I wonder what he really thinks of me? Dear me, I'm tired! Oh, why can't I get him out of my mind? It certainly is dark outside —I wonder what time it is? Why, it's 6:20. No wonder I am so hungry. I'm starving. Perhaps I'll see him again at dinner. I hope so—"

After being seated in the dining car and ordering her dinner she found time to let her eyes drift over the people in the car and to her great surprise she saw seated directly across the aisle

from her. "Ted—Ted talking to the horrid 'Lady in Black.' Oh, how could he when he knew how lonely she must be."

Her appetite left her completely. She couldn't help watching Ted and as he left he just spoke to her as he would to any ordinary person.

"But why should he make such a fuss over her? Who was she? And he—he was the most noted tennis player of the South last season."

That Ted's plan worked out effectively may be judged from this conversation which occurred several weeks later:

"Ted, I didn't mean to be childish, but I have such a terrible temper and—and just to think the 'Lady in Black' was the wife of your rival last year in the big tournament. Oh, what a fool I have been. But I was jealous of you, Ted. My, but it seems good to see you. It has been two weeks since I met you in the train and since then I have been so lonely here at home, for I don't know any one here."

"Mary, dear, give me a chance to talk—I have loved you ever since I met you last year, but I thought you cared for no one man, but loved to play with the hearts of all of them. Then, on the train I saw something in your eyes that I could hardly believe, and to be sure I thought I would try and make you jealous. For jealousy comes with true love, you know. And I did make you jealous, so now, dear, don't deny you love me because I know you do! And we are to be married the 15th day of next June. Are we not, dear?"

"Yes, Ted!" she answered willingly.

ANN CUNNINGHAM, '23.

EVENING

EVENING her mantle folds,
Softly the tree around;
And puts the earth to rest
By the low bell's soft sound.
I see a bird dive deep
Into the sun's red glow;
I would that my soul could
Follow where he may go.

VIVIAN ADDLEMAN.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF'S PAGE

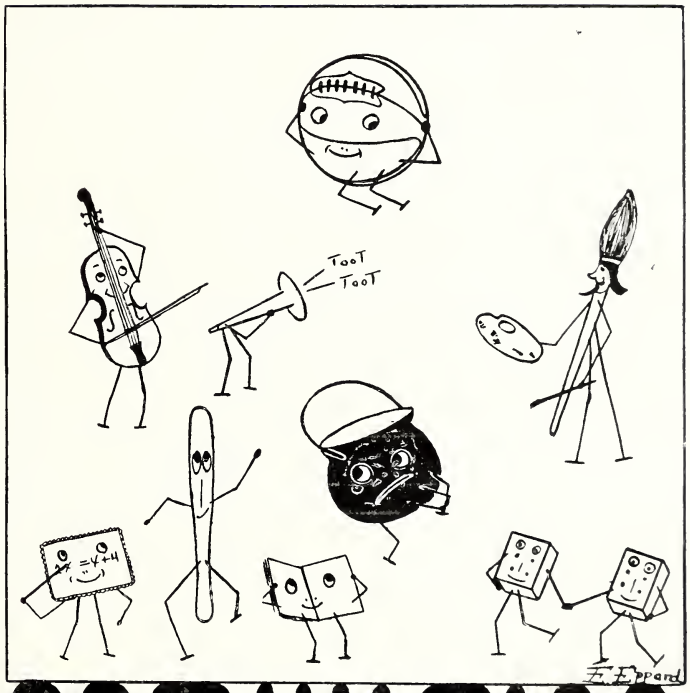
THIS year's Senior class has come and gone as most Senior classes do, but what kind of impression in the minds of many did this class of nineteen twenty-three leave?

All through the past years we have thought what a great privilege it would be to be Seniors and be able to say that this is our last year in school. Little did we realize in our childish enthusiasm, that we, as Seniors, would merely be getting a start in the school of life from which we would graduate when the great Teacher gave us our diplomas, and then, and not until then, would we really graduate. Those who have been on the Tiptonian Staff this year have had a taste of what life will be when we leave high school. Many were the perplexing questions that confronted them and which they had to solve for themselves, and many will be the questions before them when they have to face the world alone. The world is a rather harsh teacher, but she seems to make one learn as no other teacher can.

Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors all look to their Senior year as a kind of glory, but the only glory a Senior gets is the sad regret that he did not take advantage of the opportunities offered him in the years gone by, when he could have studied just a wee bit harder and made that Senior year one of relaxation instead of one of taxation.

While speaking of Seniors it seems advisable to say something in regard to our students as a whole. Many seem to have drifted into a state of shiftlessness and laziness. The teachers have to urge and scold the students to get them to do anything at all. It seems, students, that you would get a little enthusiasm and show our teachers and townspeople that we are the peppiest school in the country. Our wonderful athletes haven't the support from the student body that they ought to have. Especially when it comes to cheering, we yell as if we were at a funeral. It is remarkable that our boys do the wonderful things they do without the school's whole-hearted support.

Even the Staff had a lazy streak in it this year and sometimes it was hard to get anything done, but we hope that we have rallied to the task and have produced an annual that will be truly representative of the student body, and which will meet the expectations of the classes which have preceded us.



ACTIVITIES

THE SPEED BOYS

Date	Where Played	Who Won	The Score	Opponents
Nov. 3	Windfall	Tipton	32—22	Windfall
Nov. 17	Tipton	Tipton	25—18	Lapel
Nov. 22	Tipton	Tipton	24—22	Summitsville
Nov. 24	Fairmount	Tipton	28—11	Fairmount
Dec. 1	Rochester	Tipton	26—21	Rochester
Dec. 15	Kokomo	Tipton	18—15	Kokomo
Dec. 22	Greentown	Greentown	32—19	Greentown
Dec. 23	Tipton	Tipton	22—21	Arcadia
Dec. 29	Tipton	Tipton	24—21	Greentown
Jan. 5	Greensburg	Tipton	31—11	Greensburg
Jan. 12	Tipton	Tipton	63—24	Fairmount
Jan. 17	Tipton	Tipton	53— 5	Windfall
Jan. 26	Tipton	Kokomo	19—26	Kokomo
Feb. 1	Elwood	Elwood	35—53	Elwood
Feb. 2	Logansport	Logansport	15—38	Logansport
Feb. 9	Summitsville	Summitsville	16—31	Summitsville
Feb. 10	Prairie Twp.	Tipton	36—16	Prairie Twp.
Feb. 16	Anderson	Anderson	26—28	Anderson
Feb. 24	Tipton	Tipton	27—23	Rochester

TOURNAMENT SCORE

Mar. 2	Anderson	Tipton	28—16	Lapel
Mar. 2	Anderson	Tipton	24—19	Kempton
Mar. 3	Anderson	Anderson	22—32	Anderson

CONROY—Captain and Guard

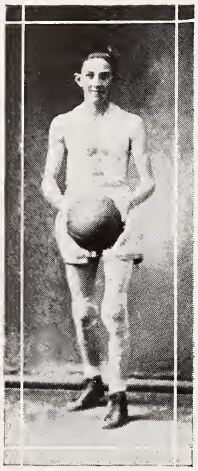
Louis has been with us four years and has been a magnet to draw the 'T's' and 'STARS' right out of the hands of the Athletic Association. So far he has kept out of the clutches of the noted T. H. S. VAMPS." But his perseverance in this is very doubtful.

HAVENS—Back Guard

The members of the opposing team soon learn to keep away from 'Al' when they have the ball, because they know they will either lose the ball or have to jump for it. The school loses a valuable guard when Al leaves.

WICKERSHAM—Center

'Wick' is a very popular young man and has ploughed through T. H. S. without a pause. He has had the honor of taking the ribbon for playing all year without getting his hair 'mussed.' Although he came so near it once that Evelyn screamed. The formula for this can be procured at his dressing table only.

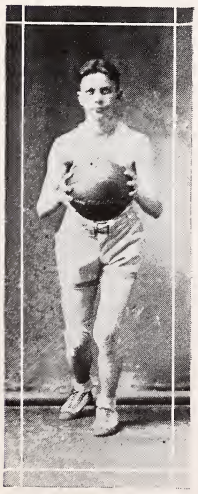


NICHOLS—Guard

'Nick' has the 'stick-to-it-ive-ness' it takes to make a good basketball player. He has substituted in several games in which he showed his ability to play basketball. He is expected to be a regular next year, and a good one at that.

GIBBONS—Forward

When Fred gets the ball in the corner of the floor the score-keeper starts changing the score. Tipton will have two of the best forwards in the state when Gibbons and Law get together on next year's team.



LAW—Forward

His smallness and his quickness make him one of the most popular men on the team. Joe is sure to a valuable man when the season starts next year. Luck to Joe.

GLASS—Guard

Rufus has substituted in most of the games played this year. The team will lose a valuable man for he has shown his ability in every game that he has played.

COY—Forward

'Bucko' has quite a reputation on the hardwood. When he gets the ball the rooters turn their eyes toward the basket because they lose sight of it until then. He has been out of a few games otherwise the scores would tell a different tale.

SCHOOLEY—Coach

He has the honor of piloting the team that held Anderson to a score of 26-28, considered the best team in the state. Mr. Schooley had a fine lot of material to begin on and made the best of his opportunity and molded a team from it that any school would be proud to claim.

WE WON!!!

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It was the eventful day of December 15, 1922. All that was heard during the whole day was K. H. S. vs. T. H. S. Although not so much enthusiasm was created outside of school, the predominating spirit was still present among the students. One car of rooters were carried northward at 5:25 to the city of Kokomo. The first game started at 7:15, in which a bunch of new recruits represented the school as second team. The Kokomo seconds won this game by a score of 20-4.

Everything was confusion when the opposing teams of Blue and White and Red and Blue appeared. The game started off with fighting spirit such as exists in any game between these two rivals. A few minutes after the whistle blew, Wickersham tipped one from under the basket and Beaty then secured a long shot for Kokomo, followed by another by Deater, making a score of 4-2 in favor of Kokomo. Gibbons, the little savior of the last year's game with Frankfort, responded with one from the side line, which made the score 4-4. Gibbons again tallied, in a few minutes, from the side, taking the heart out of the Kokomo team. Wickersham then scored two in quick succession from the field, making the count 10-4 in favor of the White and Blue. Kokomo called time, after which they managed to bring their score up to 8, by two foul tosses and a field goal. The first half ended with score of 10-8 in favor of our boys.

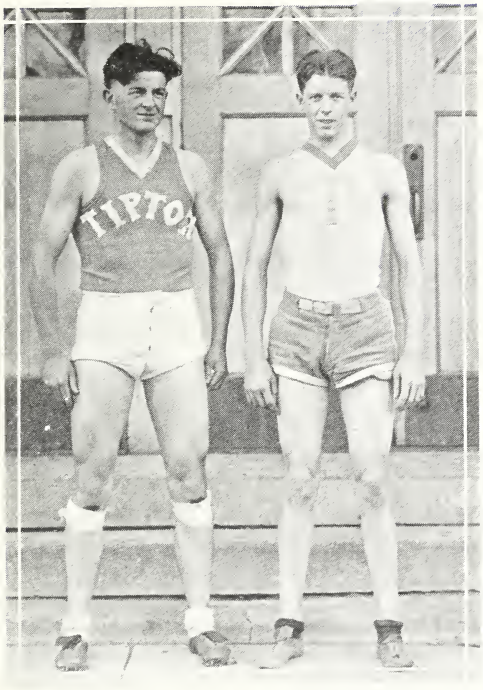
At the sound of the whistle for the second half both teams were fighting harder than ever. Kokomo received first score, a foul pitch, making the score 10-9. In the ensuing minutes of the second half Beaty made two field goals for Kokomo and Puckett scored one from center, making the score 15-11 in favor of Kokomo. Conroy again responded with a free throw when only two minutes were left to play. He followed this with one from under the basket. Gibbons again tallied from the side, making the score 16-15 in our favor. Just before the gun sounded Conroy scored, thus decidedly winning the game for Tipton, the final score being 18-15 in our favor.

Havens and Nichols, guards, played a stellar game for old T. H. S., breaking up play after play for Kokomo. Coy, who was substituted for Nichols and Gibbons, although he scored no points, helped to keep down the score of the opponents.

Tipton scoring—Field goals, Wickersham, 3; Gibbons, 3; Conroy, 2. Foul goals, Conroy, 2 out of 2.

Kokomo scoring—Field goals, Beaty, 4; Deater, 1; Puckett, 1. Foul goals, Armstrong, 3 out of 7.

Referee—Evans, of Indianapolis.



CONROY—HAVENS

THE THREE-LETTER MEN

Louie and Al are the only boys who were granted three-letters in Tipton High for the three athletics, Basket Ball, Base Ball and Track. Both of these boys went to the state track meet last year and both came very near placing in it. These boys have won fame for themselves and Tipton High School.

THE YELL LEADERS

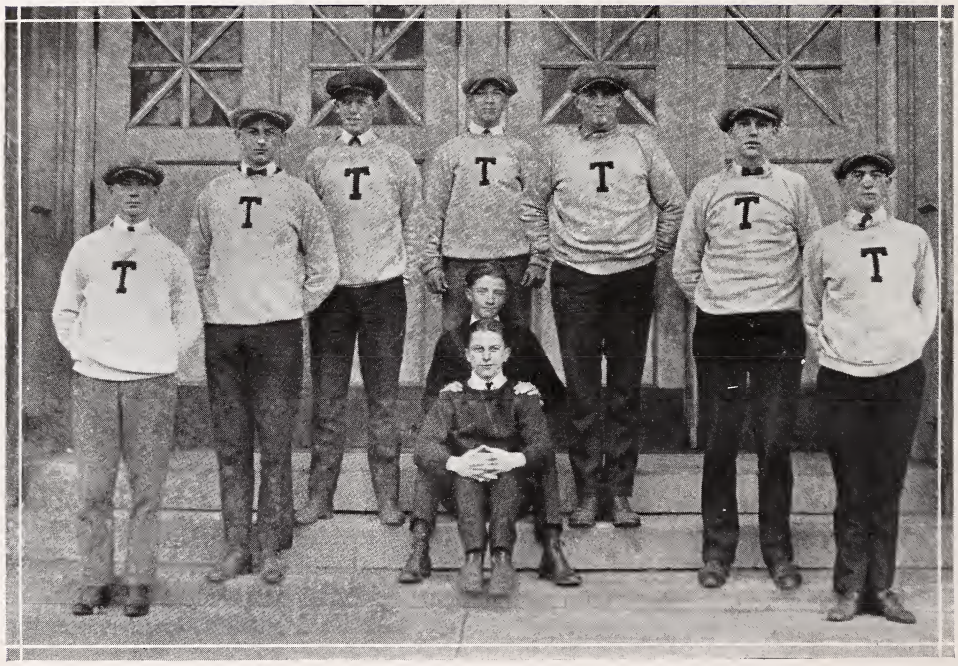
Let's all yell, let's all scream.

These are the guys who lead the yells for our team. Walker is a new recruit and he certainly has proven his worth for what little time he has led the yells for us, but next year much will be expected of him.

We must not forget Benny Bates, here is the boy who can make them yell. He is an asset to our yelling squad. We bet he will show people something when he gets in High School.

WALKER—BATES

BASE BALL TEAM



Standing, left to right: Weldon Miller, Rufus Glass, Alfred Havens, Harold Coy, Louis Conroy, Robert Wickersham, Fred Gibbons.

Seated: Joseph Law (lower), Wayne Miller (upper).

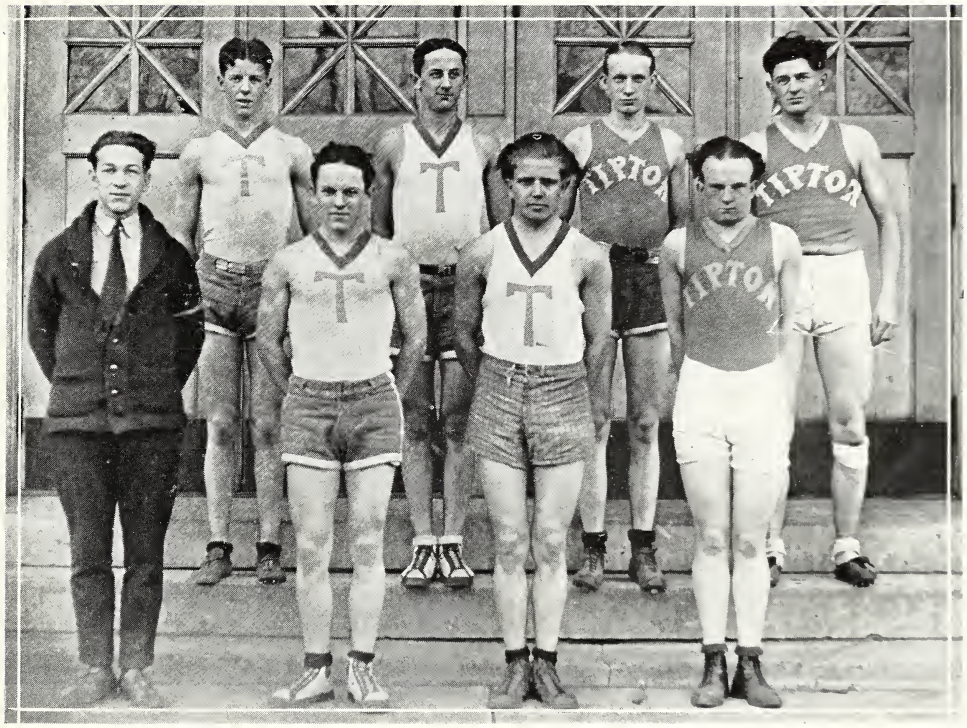
The prospect for base ball in T. H. S. promises a real team for 1923. Only one player was lost to the team last year by graduation, that player being Boyd Burkhardt, captain and third baseman. "Burky" was a valuable man on the third corner, but nevertheless there are two or three boys who didn't play regular last year that can fill the bill very efficiently.

The team was very successful last season considering the amount of time that was spent for practice. The main weakness, as was shown, was at the bat.

The best game played last year was the one with Technical High School of Indianapolis, which was lost by a 3 to 2 score. Tech came to Tipton claiming the state championship but near lost their crown, as the score would indicate. Four hits were gathered by each team, Tipton losing the game via an overthrow at third in the seventh inning. The feature of the game was the superb fielding of Tipton.

The players who are awarded "letters" in this sport last year are: Conroy, catcher; Havens, pitcher; Wickersham, first base; Gibbons, second base; Burkhardt, third base; Law, shortstop, and Glass, left field.

TRACK AND FIELD



Top row, left to right—Alfred Havens, Rufus Glass, Vivus Smith, Louis Conroy.
Bottom row, left to right—Harold Coy, Harold Cully, Lorin Boldon, Emerson Ewing.

As was the case last season, material for the T. H. S. Track Team is rather limited But the showing last year of those who did not graduate indicates that they stand a good chance of winning the sectional meet this spring. Three of the four letter men of last year's team—Havens, captain; Coy and Conroy—are still in school and will brace the team this spring. These three, with Lebo, who graduated, went to the sectional at Kokomo last year and as each took a first place Tipton came out second best in the meet.

New T. H. S. records were made last season in the pole-vault, broad-jump and high-jump by Lebo, Coy and Havens, respectively. Conroy fell just a few inches short of establishing a new record in the shot put and will no doubt accomplish the feat this year. Smith, the 440 yard man of last year's team, and Ewing, a half-miler, will be on the team again this year.

Three-fourths of the colleges are now crediting music as a regular college study. We must assume that these colleges have looked into the claims which the musicans make for music. As a matter of serious and earnest advancement, and in granting credits toward degrees, these colleges feel that music has a worthy place in the curriculum. Similarly, music in the high schools has become an integral part and has taken its place rightfully among other subjects.

There was a time when music was considered as an extra subject, and it was perfectly "permissable" for the music teacher to have all of her orchestral and choral classes either before school or after. At the present time music classes, including orchestra and chorus, meet on school time, daily.

Our Chorus Class includes one hundred and fifty students, our Senior High Orcsestra includes twenty-five students and the Junior High Orchestra includes forty students.

Now,as a latest project, the Ward Building Orchestras combined include twenty students. We will say, then, that 235 students of the Tipton schools are in the Orchesra and Chorus classes, ninety boys and girls are studying Violin, forty-five boys are studying Band Instruments. We might say that 500 students are seriously studying music. This would include Piano Students.

Does it not speak well for the future of the Tipton Schools? Can we not expect that in the near future Tipton will have her own Symphony Orchestra, her own Choral Societies?

Throughout life there is not one in ten of our emotions that is not accompanied in some way by music. All of the serious, all of the fine, all of the larger activities of life have their musical accompaniment and all who would sound in the deepest depths the finest of human relationships must feel and respond to the message of music.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

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Four years ago when Mrs. Love made her debut as Supervisor of Music in the Tipton Public Schools there was no such an organization as an Orchestra.

She immediately made the acquaintance of those who had had any experience with an orchestra instrument even tho that experience was limited.

Eight instruments were finally brought together, including a faculty member who was an excellent trombone player, a post-graduate who was very skillful with the flute and with Mrs. Love as pianist.

The rehearsals were held an hour before the opening school in the morning (music being considered an "extra.").

There is always more of an incentive to practice for public performance, so the Orchestra made its first public appearance at Friday morning Chapel the first week of school.

They were greeted with enthusiasm and, wether they merited it or not, with thunderous applause.

Thereafter the Orchestra played in Chapel every Friday morning, as well as appearing in many public performances. They assisted in a High School Concert and also "cued" the picture "Evangeline," which was a real achievement for High School pupils.

There has been a steady growth both in personnel and quality of performances. There is a fine balance this year in instrumentation with a membership of twenty-five.

Third row, left to right—John Burkhardt, Horace Watson, Harry Helmick, Rufus Glass, Russell Hoover, Wilmer Mayne, Phillip Matthews.

Second row—Carl Graf, Gerald Thompson, Robert Legg, Leroy Wilson, Robert Law, Joseph Law, Arthur Coffee.

First row—Frank Trittschuh, Edwin Parkhurst, Buster Reynolds, Harold Walker, Harold Cully Clifford Harrison, Oren Egler.

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THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

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There seemed to be very little hope for a Boys' Glee Club at the beginning of the school year, because several of the members had graduated from school last year and it takes a long time to train new members. However, owing to the efforts of Mrs. Love, twenty boys are in the Glee Club this year. These boys had to go through the trying period of having their voices tested, and as the Girls' Glee Club was also present the boys were bashful. On the whole, however, they made a good showing.

Both the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs furnish concerts before the Senior Assembly in Chapel period. They will help in the services held for Commencement and Baccalaureate, and they will also sing for the May Festival.

All the boys enjoy their meetings, which are held on Tuesday of each week, and they think this the most recreative and interesting department in the school.

Standing, left to right—Eula Kinder, Martha Belle Manifold, Jaunita Pierce, Elizabeth Chambers, Jean Storms, Opal Carter, Margaret Bates, Mildred Wert, Vernetta Goar, Marian Weaver, Mary Alice Oglebay, Rosie Emehiser, Alice Bear, Mary Caroline Means, Minnie Peck.

Seated,left to right—Margaret Addleman, Helen Shaw, Edythe Tompkins, Anna Hobbs, Lois Mock, Esther Forkner, Anna Cunningham, Audrey Owens, Ella Mae Hobbs.

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THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

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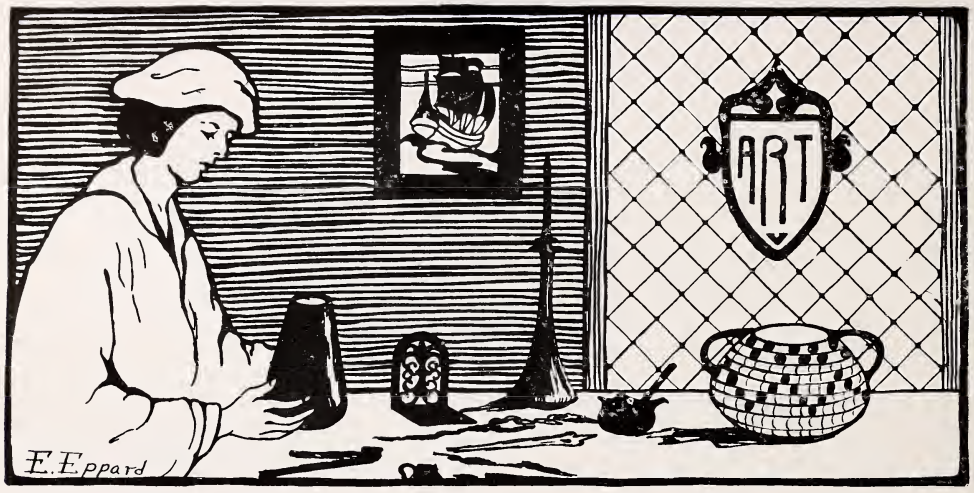
The Girls' Glee Club is much larger than the Boys' Glee Club and therefore they can make more music than the boys, but both glee clubs harmonize very nicely and Mrs. Love has made them what they are. The girls have made nice progress so far and they keep improving each year, and if they keep on improving Victor will be wanting them to come and sing for him and make his records.

The operetta put on by the glee clubs proved very successful and was liked by every one who saw it. We certainly hate to see Mrs. Love leave this year because it was she that made music liked and wanted in T. H. S., and the good will of every one goes with her.



A new supervisor, Miss Hermine Roberts of Indianapolis, is in charge of the Art Department this year. She is a graduate of John Herron Art Institute and has taken work at the Chicago School of Applied Arts.

At the first of the school year a preliminary course in Deseign and Design Principle was given. This was followed by a thorough study of color theory. A practical application of this course is made in craftwork. The girls themselves now make all their own designs and plan the color to be used.

A new feature was added to the craftwork course this year. At Christmas time the girls gave a Bazaar. This gave them some experience and they were able to earn enough money to pay for the materials to be used in the course. Among the articles displayed at the Bazaar were tea tiles, book ends, candlesticks, trays, wax beads, painted weeds, stenciled handkerchiefs, etc.

Purses, library scarfs, book covers and moccasins have been made from leather. Batik also has formed an important part of the craftwork course. Bedspreads, curtains and pillows as well as Miama kerchiefs, blouses, kimonas and dresses have been the principal articles. Gesso Pottery is another new phase of Craftwork.

Toward the end of the semester some other entirely new courses were taken up. A short study of the first principles of Commercial Art Lettering, Monograming and magazine covers, and some work in Costume Design and Interior Decoration were introduced.

As usual an exhibit was held at the end of the year.

The Art Students, the Tiptonian Staff, in fact everyone who knows Miss Roberts, feels that the school is lucky to have her for Art Supervisor.

THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

The English Department, of which Miss Pate has been the Supervisor for the past twelve years, has kept pace with the times and the general development of T. H. S.

During the past year Miss Pate has been assisted by Miss Anna Rose Kimple, Freshmen English, and Mr. Thompson, who has taken two Sophomore classes in connection with his other arduous duties as Principal.

For several years a course in Journalism has been a part of the Junior program, and the classes have produced a limited number of copies of a Junior annual as preparatory training for the Senior year's work on editing the authorized T. H. S. Annual, "The Tiptonian." This year, during the first semester, it was decided to try the experiment of issuing a weekly school paper, each section to publish an edition on alternate weeks. The euphonious title of "Tipton Toot-Toot" was suggested by John Burkhart, editor of the "JuniorJinger Edition," and the venture was undertaken.

The "Jim-Jams," with Miss Kimple as advisor, published the first number and the "Jinger" staff, with Miss Pate as advisor, published the last number. Eight issues were produced before the close of the semester, and it was proven that a school paper could be produced successfully and on a self-supporting basis.

A slight surplus, about thirty-eight dollars, remained as a result of the efforts of the class and this sum was divided between the library and athletic funds.

As a result of this experiment it was decided to offer a course in Journalism during the last semester, making it an elective for all students of a superior scholarship or literary ability. Miss Kimple was given charge of this class and the "Toot-Toot," which it had been decided previously to drop as of possible interference with the "Tiptonian's" interests, was revived. Miss Pate then devoted her time to the supervision of the literary department of the "Tiptonian" and to the proof-reading of all the reading matter in that publication, which has for many years been the chief effort of the Senior Class.

Besides the editing of the Tiptonian the Seniors, under the direction of Miss Pate, have been studying dramatization, specializing on the modern one-act play and doing what is known in school circles as "project work." Groups of students were given different episodes of the play to work out and present before the class. The result has been seen in the keen interest taken in the dramatization of such plays as "Spreading the News," "Two Crooks and a Lady," "The Turtle Dove," and other standard one-act plays. From play acting to play writing is a short step and this step was taken by the class also.

Other work of the class included the study of modern short stories, essays and verse and the use of the Literary Digest "as a basis for composition work." The last half of the Senior year is thus devoted to modern literature and practical journalism.

The Junior course covers the "History of English Literature" (Metcalf) and "Twelve Centuries of English Poetry and Prose," by Newcomer and Andrews, with especial emphasis on the history of the drama and the development of the modern novel.

The Sophomore English correlates with Latin and History in choice of the classics used.

The Freshmen are introduced to such classics as "The Merchant of Venice," "Sketch Book," "Christmas Carol," "Silas Marner," "House of Seven Gables" and become acquainted with the difference between the works of real merit and those of questionable worth.

LATIN DEPARTMENT

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The Latin Department, under the supervision of Miss Stienbarger, aided by Miss Kimpel, has been larger this year than it ever was before. At the first of the year about one hundred students enrolled in the beginning classes, however, some of the dropped out before the end of the first semester. At the beginning of the second semester a class was organized for those who failed in the first semester's work. New students who entered the Freshmen classes in Latin the second semester were: Jane and Alice Thorn, Mona Mahan, Fronia and Richmond Beam.

The second semester class in Caesar, organized at the beginning of the year, started with twenty-two pupils. Five of these fell by the wayside before completing the semester, but of those remaining all but two completed the work. There are about sixty students in the regular Caesar classes and these are doing very good work.

Thirteen students started in Cicero and the class was conducted in Room 13, also occasionally, once a week in fact, the class was held on Friday. Of course this class could not continue long under such circumstances, so only eleven pupils remained to start the second semester. These enterprising young people are preparing for a Latin exhibit and with the aid of Miss Stienbarger several articles of interest will be made. Among these are an amphitheater, a banquet table and placecards, a circus, scroll, house and furniture, tomb, and dolls dressed in Roman costume, all representing the Roman mode of living.

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MATHEMATICS IN T. H. S.

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The Department of Mathematics in Tipton High School has cause to be proud, the enrollment is strong, and the progress made has been steady, substantial and satisfactory. The total enrollment in the department has been two hundred eighty-five. Of this number, one hundred seventy-five pupils have taken algebra, and the remainder, one hundred ten students, have studied geometery. The department has been in charge of Fred Dobbyn, with Robert T. Schooley and Raymond R. Calvert assisting in the work in algebra.

In the work in algebra an attempt has been made to make the course simple, clear and thorough, and as extensive as possible. Additional work beyond that indicated by the requirements of Indiana University has been done this year.

The aim in the course has been to give the students a thorough comprehension of the principles of the science and also practice in applying them. As far as possible the practical treatment of subjects has been emphasied above the theoretical, yet the latter has also received attention. It is fair to say that the students in their study of algebra have not learned how to manipulate the equation, but have also made worth-while progress in precision and accuracy of statement, as well as in clearness in discussion.

The work in geometry has been presented with a view to showing the boys and girls that the subject is important, not only from an informational standpoint, but that it has also other educational values. These they secured by real achievement in the solution of orginial exercises. It is believed that the wide range of practical applications made the work interesting and useful. This use of practical problems humanized the subject. It showed that geometry is not a thing afar off and removed trom us, but that it is really common to many fields of human activity, such as home life, architecture, engineering, designing art, science, navigation, astronomy and the use of machinery. To stress its logical and scholastic or cultural aspect. It is hoped that the students who have studied geometry this year, recognized the value of the study for the simple practice in reasoning which it affords and as an instrument or a means for meeting real human needs.

SCIENCE

An unusually large number of science courses were offered this year, which consisted of Botany, Chemistry and Physics in addition to General Science. The latter was given primarily as a Freshman elective, there being a choice between Manual Training and Domestic Science and General Science. The aim of the course in General Science is not that of acquiring a technical knowledge of the various branches of science into which it delves but rather aims to give the student in a general way some idea of what each branch of science treats.

Botany proved to be the most popular of the special sciences, there being twenty-four people enrolled. The work the first semester consisted of a study of the various higher forms of plant life, while the second semester was devoted to the lower plant forms together with a study of the evolutionary characteristics of plant development. Some field trips were taken which afforded an opportunity for the study of plants under natural conditions of growth.

Thirty-one people were enrolled in the physimal sciences, sixteen in Chemistry and fifteen in Physics. Suffice it to say that not this number for one reason or another could adjust their minds to reason in terms of the insignificant atom or the tremendous velocity of light, so as usual these sciences claimed a high mortality.

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MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT

Coordination of the hand and mind is essential to a complete education. The policy of the Tipton High School Manual Arts Department has been to further this idea. Every normal boy has within himself some special talent which if allowed to remain dormant becomes useless, and one more failure is chalked up against our public school system. However, the idea of turning out experienced cabinet makers and carpenters must not be expected for the proper amount of time is not available. But on the other hand, it does give the boy an opportunity of finding himself. The idea of personal responsibility is also emphasied both in the use of machinery and in discipline. In this industrial age the knowledge of the care and use of machinery is an assest to any boy. Furthermore what contributes more to the making of good citizens than personal responsibility? Hence the idea of student government. This has proved very successful and the boy not only learns to use his hands and mind but also learns the first principles of citizenship. In conclusion, let us say of the Tipton High School Manual Training Department; our policy is to help the boy find himself, teach him responsibility, and start him on the right road to Citizenship. When we have accomplished this we may rightfully say, "We have done our duty."

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COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Every child should have a knowledge of the business world. Why not attain this in Tipton High School? In such a promising world as this there should be more enterprising young men and women. The Commercial Department of the various schools is trying to bring this about. Bookkeeping, shorthand and typewriting are available in high schools along with the general course of work.

Stenographers, typists, bookkeepers, accountants, salesmen and etc. are needed every day. Take a beginners course in high school and advance course in a state business college and thereby be prepaired for all business transactions of the like that may come up in your life time.

The State Normal School at Muncie, Indiana, offers a silver cup to the winner of the type writing contest. Tipton is to enter this year.

Tipton High School offered a three year commercial course consisting of Typewriting, Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Law, Salesmanship, Business English and etc. A number of students enrolled and are doing excellent work.

THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

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The aim of tihs department is to make efficient homemakers. This aim must be in the minds of many T. H. S. girls (we wonder why) for a large number have enrolled this year.

At the beginning of the year the department was sorely in need of reference books, as there were no books at all. The members began to think of schemes by which they could make money enough to buy the needed books. Finally they decided to make home-made candy and the outcome was that they made enough money to buy twenty of the best home economics books that can be purchased. They are planning to obtain more money by selling candy at the Martz the night of the Senior Play.

During the second week of school the girls served a very appetizing dinner to the school board. For several days during the cooking course the advanced class served luncheons to the teachers, thus giving the teachers a warm meal besides giving the girls the practice of serving.. The department has completed a course in "Foods" which consisted of marketing, food values, dietics, serving of meals, and planning of meals. The students all feel confident they are now able to reach any man through his stomach if only given a chance.

The second semester began with the planning and furnishing of home. Every detail was taken up and each was to be the most attractive and cheapest possible. Some seemed to take this so seriously—how come?

It is the sincere hope of the teacher and students that a better location be found for the sewing room. It became so cold in the present one that class could not be held there. As a result the sewing classes were moved temporarily to Room 17, but this is too small for their permanent quarters and it is the teachers' rest room. The sewing classes have already completed two garments and are planning to make several others. Later some costume designing will be studied.

All the students are anxiously awaiting the course in millinery which is to be given the last of the semester. Then each hopes to have a hat for every occasion.

Last, but not least, will be the annual exhibit which will include organdy dresses, school dresses, hats and many other articles of apparel. This department has always been noted for its splendid display of sewing and the students and patrons alike are looking forward to an exceptional exhibit this spring.

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THE VIOLIN DEPARTMENT

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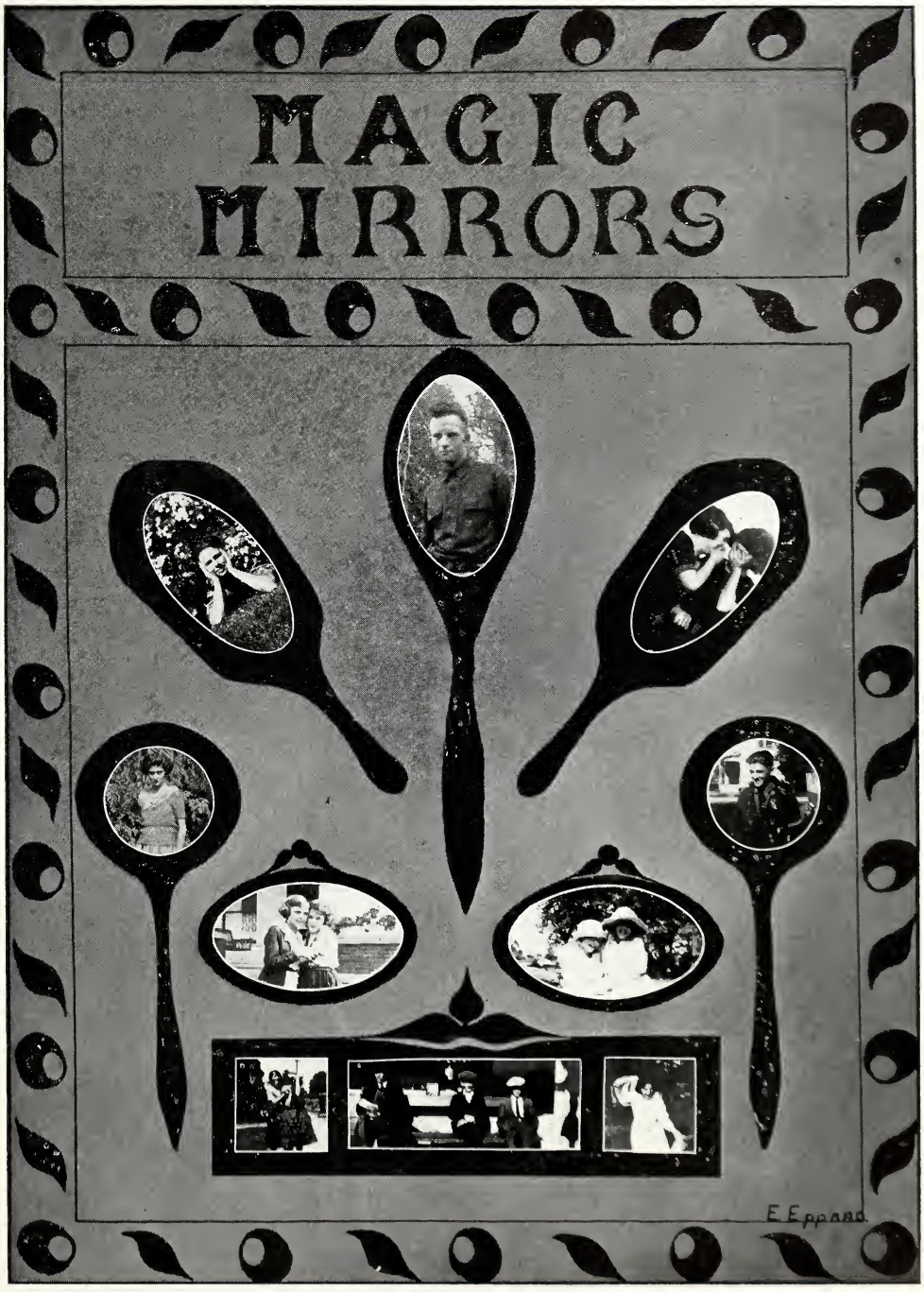
The Violin Department of our school is making great headway. Three years ago, when this work was first started, there were but a few interested pupils. At the present time, with the number of students enrolled and the quality of work which they are doing, they compare favorably with the schools much larger than the Tipton Schools.

At Christmas a recital was given in Junior High. Owing to lack of time on the program only a few pupils participated, but these few showed advancement and talent. Another and larger recital will be given later in the year. Also the Ward Orchestras are being organized, in which the younger students will be given an opportunity to gain experience in orchestra work. Beginners are taught in classes of not more than four pupils. However, the majority of students study privately.

This work should grow in interest each year as musical training and development of those musically inclined makes for a better school.


MAGIC
MIRRORS
E. Eppard

The loafer's
Abner
Pretty Boy
Men about town
Seniors
Remember?
He-Flappers
Pals
Yes
Our Martha
The center of Attraction
Chums
Kind-er-
"Oh-Shaw!"
Heart-Breakers
Posed
Love me,
Love my cow
Where Poet's are made
"Be"
Mary
E.I.

Standing, left to right—Mr. Schooley, Bernice Burkhardt, Robert Nichols, Miss Kimpel, Leon Wright, Robert Mettlin and Mr. Tompson.

Middle row, left to right—Thelma Graff, John Mendenhall, Garth Marine, William Newhouse and Victor Cameron.

Seated, left to right—Mary Melton, Madyln Rayls, Edna Brady, Robert Hobbs, Evelyn Warder, Alice Bear and Harold Walker.

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THE BOOSTERS' CLUB

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The Boosters' Club is practically a new thing in Tipton High. But it has certainly helped to create the proper spirit in the school and other places where ever the school was represented. The backing that the team has had all through the season can be traced directly to this organization.

At the first of the year a charter was constructed and rules whereby the club would be governed. Two members were elected from each class and two from the entire student body. The Faculty also elected two members of the student body and two members from the Faculty. The Principal and the Yell Leader became members according to the by-laws of the club.

We want to congratulate the Boosters' Club on the good work they have done and hope to see this spirit throughout the school next year.

Standing, left to right—Miss Kimpel, Advisor; Russell Lowry, News Editor; Madalene Paul, News Editor; Helen Daniels, Feature Writer; Olyne Hershman, News Editor; Marth Allen, News Editor; John Burkhardt, Editor-in-Chief.

Seated, left to right—Robert Wickersham, Assistant Sport Editor; Russell Hoover, Circulation Manager; Edna Brady, Exchange Editor; Harrison Smitson, Advertising Manager; Edythe Tompkins, City Editor; Leon Wright, Business Manager; Louis Conroy, Sport Editor; Audrey Owens, Managing Editor.

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THE TOOT TOOT STAFF

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These young journalists have made much progress with their paper, the "Tipton Toot Toot." They have put Tipton High School on the map because your school is now known by the paper you publish. They are preparing themselves for next year, when the responsibility of getting out a year book will fall on their shoulders, and from the appearance of things they will put out a year book which will make all other editions look sick.

We feel that never again will Tipton High be without a weekly paper and that this will be the training school for the experience which is need in putting out an annual.

SENIOR DANCE

Dec. 13 a Senior class meeting was called in Room 13. It wasn't so unlucky after all, for it had been agreed upon by the Daddies of the High School that the Seniors might have their long-looked-for dance. The class at once began to make arrangements; as this was to be the first Senior dance given of course all the Seniors wanted it to be "grand," and it wasn't anything else but! The date was decided upon as Jan. 1, the orchestra Chink Adair's and the K. of P. hall was secured for the evening. Printed invitations were issued to all High School pupils, the Alumni and all others to whom the pupils wished.

The reception and decoration committees were appointed and when Jan. 1 came the committees tried to see just how much they could change the aspect of the hall. They succeeded very well. The hall was decorated in crepe paper and balloons, and every corner was immaculately clean.

The crowd began to come early, and the number fulfilled our wildest desires. The orchestra was very clever, dressed in their Valentino outfits, and the music was the best ever.

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HOT DOG !

At the beginning of the year someone said T. H. S. was dead, and everyone was beginning to think so too. No one knew the person in front of him or beside him, so it was decided that something had to be done to get acquainted. After some discussion a social affair was suggested, and this entertainment took the form of a wiener roast, held Friday, September 29th, at the Tipton Park. The High School was used as a meeting place. As here-

tofore for years and years, the Freshmen have always been the center of attraction, and this year Freshies were no exception, so to distinguish them from the upper class men they were enclosed in a rope, headed by a banner with the word "Fresh" printed on it, and carried by two of the Faculty. Garth Marine as chief marshal headed the procession, driving his machine. The line marched thru the business district, attracting all the attention possible, which was no small amount. At the park a regular bread line was formed, and each person received his ration of pickles, buns and wieners and marshmallows. The Camp Fire Girls sold cocoa—um-um-um, awful good! A real time was had by all, and this party was a stimulus for more. Every one was home by nine-thirty o'clock. This is one of the few parties given by the whole High School, and they are about the only way a person may know his neighbor.

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JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

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We feel that the reception given by the class of '23 for the class of '22 and the faculty May 24, 1922, is worthy of adequate space in our annal, as it was given too late last year to be in the contents of "Tiptonian" published in '22.

The annual reception was given at the Elks' Home by kind consent of its members. The dining room was decorated in purple and white, the Junior colors, and the purple and gold color scheme, the Senior colors, made attractice tables. Foliage and flowers were used to decorate the ledges of the windows and fireplaces. Hand painted place cards, made by the Juniors in the art classes, were used, and pink roses given as favors. The hall was darkened during the dinner and lighted with candles, making a very effective picture. The dinner was served by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Christian Church. The menu was as follows:

Fruit Cocktail Wafers
Creamed Chicken Creamed Potatoes
Hot Rolls Creamed Peas Marmalade
Spring Salad Wafers
Grape Sherbet Demi-tasse

The toastmaster of the evening was our own famous author and speech maker, Robert Law. Toasts were also given by Garth Marine, Anna Cunningham, Joseph Martz, Robt. Russell, Miriam Michel, Supt. C. E. Spaulding, Elroy Himman, Olive Crum, Professor F. E. Leap and Harold Coy.

The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. The dance hall was cleverly decorated in purple, gold and white crepe paper.

CALENDAR

Sept. 11—School begins with many moans and groans from the upper classmen. But the Freshmen seem delighted to set their feet in Tipton's Hall of Fame.

Sept. 14—We are assigned our seats in the assembly after much delay. We are all delighted to think that the usual method was to be used.

Sept. 15—Such a time getting settled; every one seems to have conflicts which can never be settled. "Oh, dear, won't we ever get ready to study?" say the Freshmen.

Sept. 18—Seniors must take the lead, so they call a class meeting bright and early this morning.

Sept. 19—Seniors as well as the other classmen have been informed that they can do nothing until the students have been located in their own class, ACCORDING TO CREDITS.

Sept. 20—Poor little Freshie wants to know something and waves his hand desperately in the air, but he is far too bashful to go to the teacher for information.

Sept. 26—Why, Anna, we didn't know Helen Daniels was your decorator. But we are sure she did a good job of spotting her back with green ink.

Sept. 28—Bernard Walsh must go to the fire escape for the remains of his desk. In fact the most important part—the seat.

Sept. 28—Plans have been made for the High School party which is to include the whole High School, so that every one will have a chance to become acquainted with our new teachers. Goodness knows we need some such thing.

Sept. 29—Orchestra for the first time this year. It was very much enjoyed by all. There are many new fames this year. This is the eventful night of the first High School party of the Tipton High School. Great plans are being made for the Freshmen to wear green caps and march from the school building to the park tied together by a large rope, and this is to be guarded by some of the upper classmen. The party was a great success. Elizabeth Eppard thinks Mr. Calvert would make an excellent partner, but he does not seem to think so.

Oct. 2—A very agreeable member of the Reynolds family, the cow Molly, died yesterday, causing a great disturbance among the persons in the northwest corner of the great assembly.

Oct. 4.—Helen Shaw (and others) inform Miss Kelsey she is a

native born American, and Miss Kelsey is surprised to think she has Indians in her class.

Oct. 5—Miss Kelsey tells the Commercial Arithmetic class that quickly does not mean all day, and that the definition could be found in the dictionary.

Oct. 6—Robert Wickersham, president of the Senior class; Emerson Ewing, editor in chief, and Vivus Smith, business manager of the Tiptonian staff, gave a speech in chapel this morning for the benefit of the subscription drive.

Oct. 7—Don Burnett decides to make his boots resemble those of the girls, who are wearing them to school today, catching the rain so they will be able to wash their heads over the week-end.

Oct. 8—Miss Kelsey in Ancient History: "Joe, tell us briefly the manners and customs of the people of India. Joe: "They ain't got no manners and they don't wear no costumes."

Oct. 9.—Mr. Schooley in Freshman Algebra class: "I'll call the roll this morning to see who are here that are absent."

Oct. 13—"What, no school Thursday and Friday? How do you know?" "Because Audrey Owens and Many Means have their grips all packed now for a trip." Well, anyway, we hope the boys are as glad as they seem to be.

Oct. 17—The whole assembly participated in electing two members to the Booster Club. Tiny, Robert Hobbs and dignified Telma Graff are the lucky or unlucky ones, whichever they chooe to say.

Oct. 18—A very good programme was given by the Orchestra this morning and there were quite a few outsiders here. "Oh, boy!" no school the rest of the week. But our vacation is spoiled by the very thought of our dear teachers, for they don't get any vacation, but get a trip to the big city. We only hope none of them come up missing.

Oct. 25—First yell practice and try out for yell leader. Blanche Boyd votes for Chet because Robert Booth did. Be careful, Blanche, for he is just a Freshman.

Oct. 28—Harold Walker is made yell leader with Chet as assistant.

Oct. 30—Kindergarten rules observed in High School. Peg Bates is made to stand on the floor for five minutes and study her lesson.

Nov. 1—Mr. Schooley's fourth period assembly must be a regular kindergarten or else he wishes it were, for to-day Carl Graff is made to sit on the platform with face toward the blackboard for whispering.

Nov. 3—First basket ball game. While High School snake danced up town afterwards. Walker led us in yells. Then we were off until the big game at Windfall, which proved to be very good, Tipton coming out ahead, 35-22.

Nov. 6—Eula Kinder hasn't time at home to keep her finger nails polished, so she just manicures them the fifth period. No wonder she doesn't have her lessons!

Nov. 9—Silas Marner," was to have been presented by the Senior Class. As it didn't arrive the gave a free show, "The Vicar of Wakefield." And they sure had a full house. Our first devotional exerecises were conducted by Rev. Preston. Juniors have their first party at the home of Margaret Addleman. It proved a great success. Everyone went dressed backwards.

Nov. 10—Our old friends are back to spend the week-end and they brought their smiling faces into our house of gloom. Meet Miss Reed, Miss Brown and Miss Hadley.

Nov. 12—Hurry up and buy your basket ball ticket! The Boosters' Club have plenty of them to sell.

No. 13—Robert Booth is either awful slow or else awful busy, for he is just finding time to count the lights in this, our dear old assembly.

Nov. 14—Miss Pate punishes Bob Law by making him read group of "Old Love Poems" to the Senior class, telling him he has had great experience in such matters.

Nov. 21—Mrs. Waugh gave us a talk on the same old subject, "Citizenship." We hope at least the first four rows heard it, for it really was a good speech.

Nov. 22—Silas Marner arrived as last and was given and proved a great success. Also our game with Summitville, score 24-22. Hurrah for our boys!

Nov. 24.—Fairmount Acadamy game and again our team was victorious. We think it would be advisable if some of our fans had a guide. For further information on this subject see Harrison S., Bernice Burkhardt or even Helen Shaw.

Nov. 29—All leave the house of fame Wednesday evening with hearts happy for a three day vacation.

Dec. 1—We sure dedicated the new gym at Rochester—yes, with a score of 21-26 in our favor.

Dec. 7—History class, Helen Shaw, Eula Kinder, Minnie Peck, Elsie Downing, Gerald Todd and Harold Coy, were given convenient times to come and wash their names and other writing off their desks. Horace Watson is not pleased because he rec-

ommended that they all receive a good spanking.

Dec. 8—Gerald Todd turns a somersault in English class today, which proved to be very disastrous to—the chair.

Dec. 10—Some of our well known flapper boys wore sleigh bells today. Did they surprise the teachers?

Dec. 19—Garland, it is too bad you weren't born a girl. You would make a real flapper.

Dec. 20—Miss Lillotte of New York was here and gave us a delightful program of readings.

Dec. 21—Changed the tune in many classes today. Had grab bags instead of knowledge, some receiving some very lasting and useful presents.

Dec. 22—Miss West receives a shower of presents the fifth period. We wonder what they could be? Later—We found them to be a large bunch of handkerchiefs.

Jan. 2—Every one back, but oh what a long day. And what do you think, they spring a new joke—every one MUST have their book reports in to-day.

Jan. 3—The usual scramble, hunting book report reviews and then reading all night. Anyway, most of us got them in on time, "be gosh."

Jan. 4—Juanita Paul brings a bright light into the school room. Just notice the left hand. Congratulations to you and yours, Juanita.

Jan. 11—What do you know, they even had the nerve to make each and every one take an exam. of their book reports to-day. Just like babies. Don't they trust us?

Jan. 12—The orchestra gave us a splendid entertainment this morning, to test our spectability to them. We all enjoyed the music very much. Our talented Elizabeth favored us with some very pretty piano solos.

Jan. 12—A snake dance after school to the gym, where we had yell practice. Try out for yell leader assistants was held.

Jan. 17—Exam! Exam! Exam!

Jan. 18—More Exams!

Jan. 19—Exams over!

Jan. 23—Everyone back, or most of them, and ready for a new ordeal.

Jan. 24—All settled for another semester of hard work and every flunkee has resolved to study hard, harder, hardest.

Jan. 25—Senior English department receives a shock when Miss Pate tells Emerson Ewing to move a little clover to Elizabeth

Eppard. No, we didn't know it. I wonder how Miss Pate found it out?

Jan. 26—Oh, my! Kokomo did beat us. Now wasn't that awful, but turn about is fair play. "Babe" A. created a scene by fainting, causing much excitement for a little while. "Benny" is to be congratulated, for he sure knocked them cold with his leading.

Jan. 29—Louis Barrow is caught. Never fear, girls, for he was just caught in a mouse trap placed in his chair by Harold Coy.

Jan. 30—Miss Kimple takes upon herself the responsibility of placing some of the most popular students in new seats. Better suited, she says, to their temperament and for the betterment of the local community. Such as Ann C. or Evelyn W. and, oh, many others.

Feb. 1—Elwood has at last consented to give us a game, and we must all be real good tonight, for they think we are poor sports. But if they went to the bottom of the thing we hink they would make a different conclusion.

Feb. 2—Did we win? Well, I should say not. Why? Well, we who went know why. How much? Well, something like 53-35. Sportsmanship? Not exactly. Seats? I should say not. Good team? Some think so. Good looking? No. "Wick" get his hair mussed up? Well, I guest not.

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AMONG YE GREEKS

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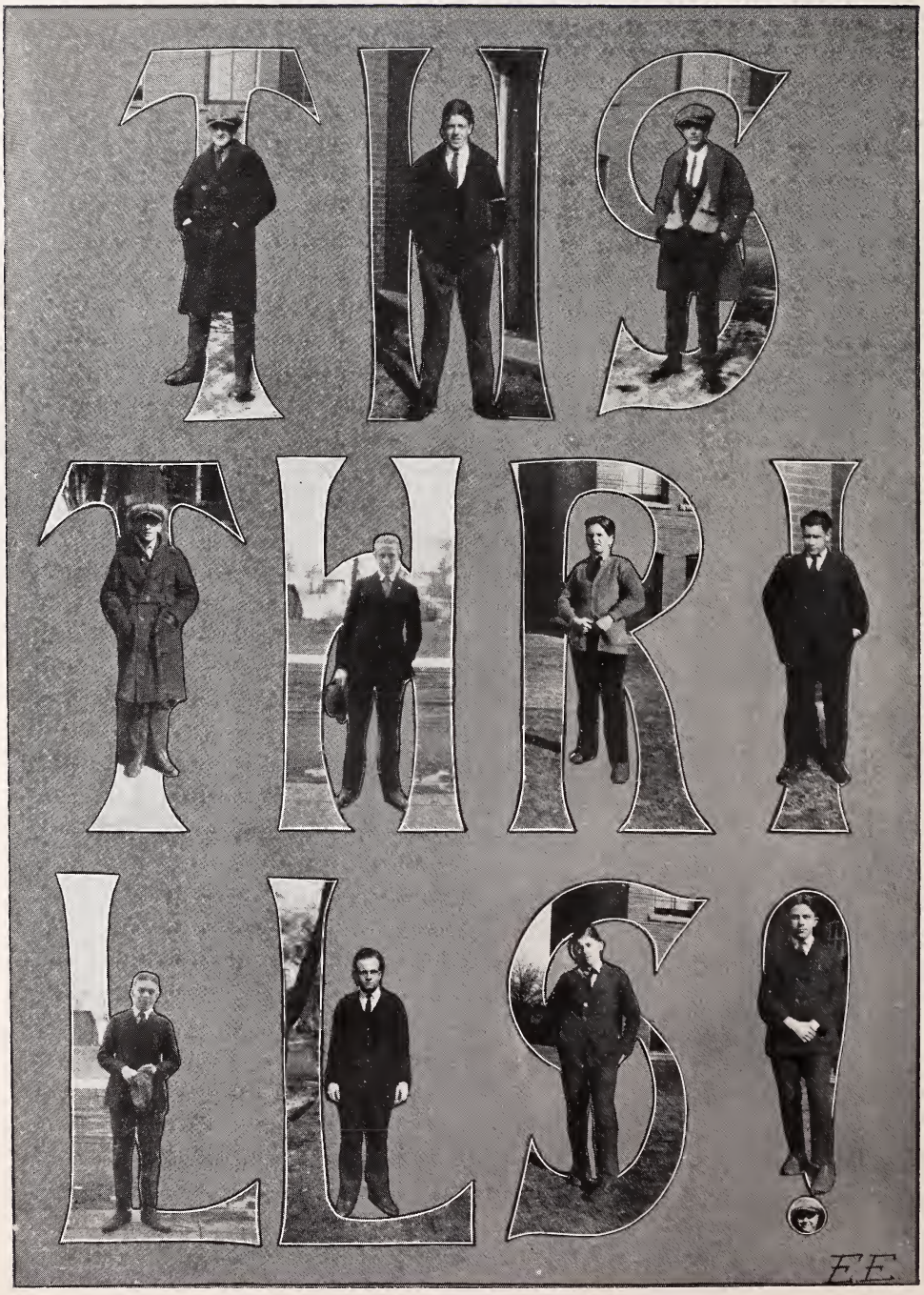
If a Theta
Meeta Beta
Wih a Gamma Phi?
If a Theta
Greeta Beta
Needa Kappa Psi?
Every Theta
Has a Mata
None they say have I—
But all the boys they smile at me
'Cause I'm a Hunka Pi.

—Sun Dodger.


THIS
THRILLS!
EE

REMEMBER?

Our Class President

"Wick"

"Chong"

Joe

"T-Bone"

Olive

Vivus

Frank

Elsie

Winona

"Peggy"

"Jake"

Agnes

Me and My "Little"(?) Sister

Addleman Sisters

E.E.

"Walk" and "Bud"

"Happy"

SENIOR CLASS PLAY.

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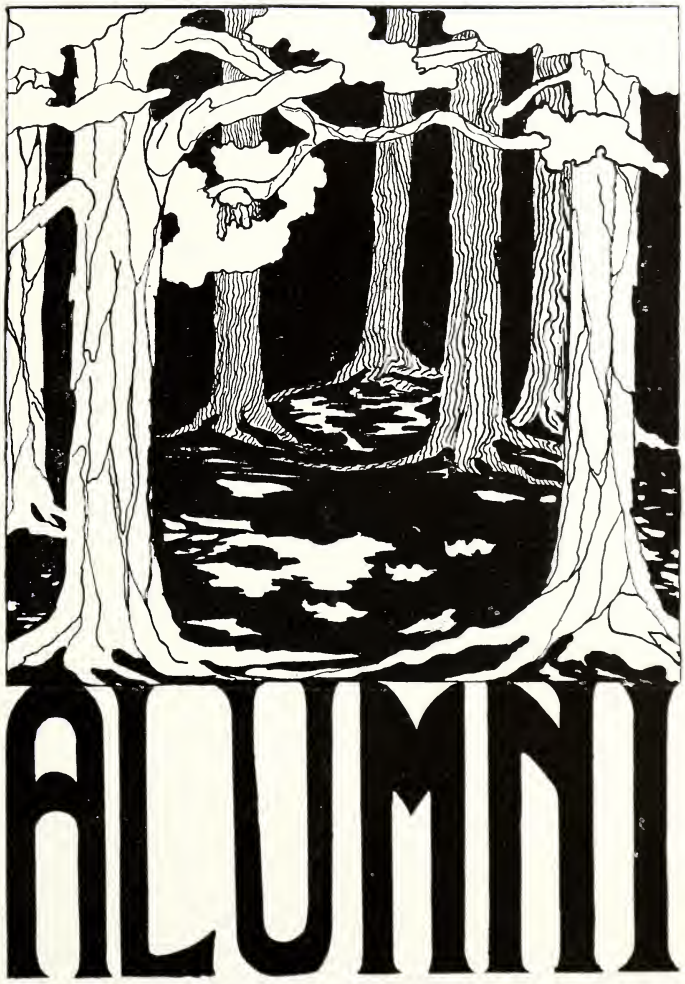
The Senior Class Play, "A Pair of Sixes," which was given at the Martz Theatre on March 26th was a big success and showed to a packed house. The leading parts played by Robert Wickersham and Leroy Wilson were played to perfection and brought a scream from everyone. Also the part of the office boy, Jimmy, played by Robert West, and Vivian Addleman as "Coddles" were exceptionally fine. The Senior Class realized enough money from this play to free themselves from debt and donate a large sum to the school fund.

The cast and the part played by each is as follows:

George B. Nettleton ---------- Leroy Wilson
T. Boggs Johns ---------- Robert Wickersham
Krome, Their Bookkeeper ---------- Rufus Glass
Miss Sally Parker, Their Stenographer ---------- Helen Shaw
Thomas J. Vanderholt, Their Lawyer ---------- Louis Conroy
Tony Toler, Their Salesman ---------- Emerson Ewing
Mr. Applegate ---------- Alfred Havens
Office Boy ---------- Robert West
Shipping Clerk ---------- Vivus Smith
Mrs. George B. Nettleton ---------- Bernice Finley
Miss Florence Cole ---------- Margaret Grishaw
Coddles, An English Maid of All Work ---------- Vivian Addleman

This play was coached by Miss Graham of Kokomo.



ALUMNI

FOOTPRINTS OF TIME.

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As each class is graduated and leaves the protecting wing of its Alma Mater, and enters the great university of life, the events associated with this important period seem indelibly stamped upon the memory. But time, the great eraser, slowly dims thoughts of the past, so, lest we forget, let us freshen the "Footprints of Time."

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Class 1878.

In response to a ring of the doorbell, I admitted a very charming young lady who informed we that she was Alumni Editor of the Tiptonian for 1923, and I was confronted with the question, "You were a member of the first graduating class were you not, and that was the spring of '78 was it not?" In a faltering manner I admitted my identity, but was somewhat confused as to the date of what seemed to me, at this time, to be the most important event of my life.

Well, we can not escape history. Victor Hugo says, "He who says education says government; to teach is to reign. The human brain is a sort of terrible wax that takes the stamp of good or evil, according to whether an idea touches it or a claw seizes it."

During the year of '76, our schools underwent a great and memorable change. Through the influence of George H. Gifford, A. B. Thrasher came to Tipton and took charge of the schools. Mr. Gifford and Mr. Thrasher had been boyhood friends and college mates. Mr. Thrasher had just returned from Europe where his education was finished in the Heidelburg University in Germany and in Paris, France. I think very few of us, at that time, gave much thought to these superior advantages; we only knew that we were getting somewhere in our studies and that our destinies were being directed by a very handsome, brilliant young man. Suffice it to say, the girls stuck to their school work. The advent of Mr. Thrasher was the awakening of a new era in educational affairs, not only for the young hopeful of Tipton, but for the parent also. In the face of much opposition, he proceeded with calm persistence and out of chaos established, in the two years he remained, the firm foundation on which our schools now rest.

Before the year of '77, five teachers were employed. In '78 one more teacher was added as assistant superintendent in high

school. This was considered an extravagant piece of folly. At the beginning of this year, a prescribed course of higher studies was established and pupils soon learned that there was just one place for them—a certain grade in a certain room, and that, if they attended school, they would be compelled to fill this particular place. This was very disconcerting to pupils who had been in the habit of selecting their own teacher or the room that suited their peculiar fancy best. An efficient truant officer, at that time, would have had unlimited opportunities to distinguish himself. Those earlier teachers enforced quite willingly Lord Byron's instructions to teachers: "Oh, ye who teach the ingenious youth of nations, Holland, France, England, Germany or Spain, I pray ye, flog them upon all occasions; it mends their morals—never mind the pain."

The inauguration of this new system created a great commotion in the community. It was a startling disclosure that a number of pupils had learned all of "readin', writin', spellin' and aritemetic," and as a last resort, or pastime, as it was, had gone to studying Geology, Philosophy, Botany, etc. Can we imagine what the sentiment would have been had the school board and superintendent at that time, dared placing music and drawing in the public school? Thus we see pupils in our schools today given the advantages of these broadening subjects which may arouse a latent genius in some boy or girl, which, had they never been given these advantages, would forever have been dead, for:

"The lamp of genius, though by nature lit, if not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies or runs to wast with fitful glare."

When, after two years of systematic training, is was announced that at the close of the year of '78 one class would finish the course of studies, and commencement was talked of, the news spread like wildfire throughout the town and county, creating the greatest excitement. The midnight ride of Paul Revere spread no more alarm, and the class of '78, composed of seven girls, all at once found themselves the center of attraction. This first class enjoyed a distinction and importance that perhaps no other class has enjoyed. The community, even parents of graduates, assumed the "almost persuaded" attitude; this putting on airs was an extravagance unheard of It was said that the class could be distinguished from common folks by their badges; that the superintendent and class were enjoying all this display at the expense of

the taxpayers. In the years following, the patrons looked with suspicion on the schools if a year closed without a commencement. A steady metamorphosis took place, however, and the community at large were eventually robbed of their dearest prejudices and most cherished theories. A feeling that appeared to be implacable was transplanted by one of civic pride. It soon became very popular to appear on the street wearing the light blue badge, on which was emblazoned "Class of '78." Commencement evening the seven essays were read from the pulpit of the West Street Christian Church to a packed house at the munificent price of twenty-five cents admittance. Standing room only was available at 7 p. m. Each girl was permitted to select her subject for the evening. Possessing a father who was a student of Geology and who had gone into extensive research along that line, I very wisely chose "Prehistoric Man" for my subject—I wonder what it was all about. After being trained every day for several weeks on the delivery by a father of some fame as an orator, there was at least one girl out of the seven, on the evening of May 24th, 1878, who felt convinced that she had covered herself with glory.

At times there has been apparent deterioration in our schools, but under some stimulating influence the loss was always regained and through the entire time intervening between the classes of '78 and '23, we can trace the golden thread of advancement until, today, no abler students go forth from any of the public schools of Indiana than those who step out from the Tipton public schools.

—Eva Overman-Waugh, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1879.

Listen, my children, and I'll relate
A story of the time of '79,
When T. H. S., on Jefferson street,
Was close beside old Cicero creek.
Those days are not forgotten.

That was the time when girls were sweet,
Were not immodest and indiscreet,
Who blushed at thoughts of love so free—
Not like the girls of '23.
Those days are not forgotten.

Say, old fellows of '79—

Don't you remember our Sunday dates?
We'd hitch up the old gray mare,
Pinned back our ears,
And slicked back our hair,
By Gosh! Them days are gone forever!
—Asberry M. Moore, Elwood, Indiana

—o—

Class 1880.

Class of Nineteen Twenty-three,
Eighteen-eighty sends you greeting.
We are sorry as can be
That we can't be at your meeting.
You might call us all passe,
To us it seems a little while,
Tho' we know it's many a day,
Since we, too, felt quite the style
As we steeped across the border
From our happy high school days
To the new and larger order
Leading thru life's devious ways.
Where-so-e'er these paths may lead you
May you ever bear in mind
If you're looking for the true,
Truth is what you'll mostly find.
Eighty bids you welcome, as you step across
May you find more gain than loss.
—Elizabeth Montgomery-Bray, Quincy, Illinois.

—o—

Class 1881.

No Commencement.

—o—

Class 1882.

No Commencement.

—o—

Class 1883.

It gives me great pleasure as a representative of the class of Eighteen Hundred Eighty-three of the Tipton High School, to bring to you greetings from the members of that class.

We were the first class of Professor W. H. Clemmens, for whom we had the highest esteem and good will. It was evident from the time Mr. Clemmens entered the Tipton schools, that he was destined to fill an important station in school affairs of our

country. His subsequent record as head of the Lincoln Normal School, and as State Superintendent of Public Instruction, of the State of Nebraska, gives ample proof of our prediction at that time.

Although we had not the larger opportunities which the class of Nineteen Twenty-three enjoy, we are grateful for those we had, and rejoice with you in the greater facilities for an education. Again we bring to you greetings and good wishes for abundant success in life.

For some, school days are gone for aye,
Tho cherished long for friendship's lasting ties.
But the path of knowledge beckons day by day,
To those whose star leads on where glories rise.

—Retta Fear, Frankfort, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1884.

No Commencement.

—o—

Class 1885

No Commencement.

—o—

Class 1886.

An Editor is a person who
(Old Webster said, when I looked through)
Edits a journal, books and such;
But one got me with a wicked clutch—
So I think an Editor is best described
As persistency personified.
She made me write, tho must unwilling,
"Ode to the Alumni." Webster said
(I almost fainted when I read)
An Ode was a poem of dignity,
And then demand it written by me.
Dignity, I've never met
And never will, don't you forget.
But I'll just say, Alumni friends,
We learned in school we could depend
On a handclasp true and words that were kind,
And Dignity was left behind.
So instead of an ode, my pen I'll employ
On old-time memories of old-time joy.
See, if you will, with memory's eye

Our "Alma Mater," Tipton High—
Square old building; brick, old red;
Just board walks, and overhead
The glorious green of forest trees
Which broadcast music with every breeze.
Hear, if you will, with memory's ear,
The tone of the school bell, loud and clear,
Which called us in from a merry hour
By its clanging notes from the belfry tower.
(Excuse the diversion)—but I'll just say,
Before this building was torn away,
Up in this tower my name was found
When I'd climbed the ladder, round by round.
Every step I was braving death—
So scared I could hardly get my breath,
But I needs must write in the hall of fame,
With my bit of chalk, my school girl name.
In that belfry tower, and not one missed,
Was every name in the Alumni list.
Some are dead; some far; some near,
But the belfry names still answered "Here."
Feel, if you will, with memory's heart,
While the pulse beats fast and the teardrops start,
The pure, sweet joy of bygone days,
Before the parting of the ways,
When life was sunshine—friends were true—
'Dear Old Alumni," I mean you!

—Belle Wright-Law, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Dinner Pail vs. Vanity Cases.

——::——

In dreaming dreams of bygone days,
A vision comes to me,
And, standing clear from out the haze,
A crowd of little girls I see—
Sweet little girls, with braids and curls
And faces bright, I see.

Their shining shoes have copper ties
Their thrifty parents bought;
Their hair is tide with ribbon bows;
They act just like they ought;

Their voice is low, no slang they know—
Just as their teacher taught.

And hanging on each little arm
A dinner pail, I see—
Its contents causes no alarm—
It's "wholesome' as can be;
An apple red, some butter bread
And cookies, too, I see.

I wake and sigh, for passing by,
Some modern girls "hike;"
Their "bobbed" hair in the breezes fly;
I hear, "For the love of Mike;"
They whistle, too and gum they chew—
I never saw the like.

And in each hand, just manicured,
A vanity case I spy,
And I'll relate what I endured
And saw with my own eye.
" 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity it's true"—
You know I would not lie.

They opened up this awful case
And, leaning 'gainst a tree,
They took for fixing up their face—
Took out in front of me—
A powder puff, some cold cream stuff,
And lip stick red, I see.

The first coat is a whitewash scheme;
The next red Sargent's paint—
They think 'twill surely make them seem
Like angels, but they ain't;
Their color seems a cross between
A fever and a faint.

O yes! We sigh for days gone by,
And kick and growl and fuss,
But, if it in our power did lie
To "back," there'd be a muss,
So the vanity case must keep its place
And the dinner pail must rust.

—Belle Wright-Law, Tipton, Indiana.

Class 1887.

No Commencement.

—o—

Class 1888.

If "The Hoosier School Master" came to town
To visit our schools today—
He'd look about him with surprise
Then likely he would say:

"Well I declare, it do beat me,
This new-fangled ed-i-ca-tion—
The things they're learnin' now-a-days
Is too much fer 'nu-mer-a-tion.

"We learned our scholars the three 'R's,'
An' studied them in-dus-trious—
An' ed-i-cated boys an' girls
Who made Our State il-lus-trious.

"But what we tho't the 'Rudiments'
Now seem all out-of-date—
Some fellers called 'Si-col-o-gists,'
Say, 'Why learn the thinge we hate!'

"So a new, high-soundin' method,
I b'lieve it's named 'E-lec-tive,'
Gives all a chance to pick-an'-choose
From things they call 'Se-lec-tive.'

"So, if a boy don't want to learn
To read er write er spell—
He 'elects' on Greek an' Latin,
An' 'Bi-ol-o-gy' as well.

"Er if fer Ray's R-ith-me-tic
Girls show on in-cli-na-tion—
They 'select on Liter-toor an' Art
'Thout the slightest hesitation.

"Why they're in-cloo-din' 'Music' tho'
Is a thing that I can't see—
I hear they're really payin' folks
To teach do-sol-fa-me

"An' in some towns I ascertain
They're 'lowed to take up 'Voice,'
The 'Pi-an-ny' er the 'Vi-o-lin'
Er 'Drum' if that's their choice.

"They 'sub-sti-toot' this Music-play
Fer any other lesson—
An' call it ed-i-ca-tin,
An' think that they're pro-gress-in'.

"While schools ain't what they used to be.
I'll grant—in '23
The 'Hoosier School Master' hain't no joke
Like Eggleston made of me"
—Pearl Waugh, Instructor in Music, Washington, D. C.

—o—

Class 1889.

The class of '89, in whose honor the first Tipton Alumni Banquet was given, extends sincere greetings to the class of '23. The era into which you are passing offers wonderful opportunities and responsibilities. May you accept them cheerfully and successfully is the wish of every member of our class.

—Jessie Swoveland-Legg, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1890.

Alumni Editor, Tiptonian:

Your letter has recalled to my mind my own chummy class of 1890, and our happy school days in the old High School on West Jefferson street. I certainly am interested in T. H. S. I smile when I think of how dignified we were as seniors. To the class of 1923, I send greetings.

—Vessie Mount-Parsons, Walla Walla, Washington.

—o—

Class 1891.

We, the class of '91, extend our greetings to the class of '23 of Tipton High School. May life fulfill your "great expectations," is the wish of one and all of the class which I represent.

—Mrs. Effie Martindale-Fish, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1892.

The class of 1892 extends to you a cordial welcome to the Alumni, and congratulate you on having travelled so hopefully

and successfully the path which led to your arrival, which causes us to reflect with what persevearance you must have struggled. We congratulate you and wish for you, as a class and as individuals, a successful career.

—Jessie F. Grove, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1893.

To all the Alumni of the Tipton High School, especially the entering class of '23, and to the class of '92, with which sickness prevented me from graduating, do we send greetings. Neither time nor distance can make us forget our "Alma Mater."

—Bertha Wilcox-Wickersham, Los Angeles, California.

The class of Tipton High
Of eighteen ninety-three,
Now welcomes to our Alumni
The new ones whoe'er they be.

—Dora Eastes-Davis, Shawnee, Oklahoma.

—o—

Class 1894.

1894 to 1923, and you see how far we are removed from you in time. Good school spirit improves with age, however, so our greetings to you are the warmer by reason of lapse of time.

—Etta Appleton-Foster, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1895.

We, the Class of 1895, welcome the Class of 1923 as members of the Tipton Alumni Association. It was not the privilege of this class to be welcomed into this Alumni Association, but it has been the privilege of the members of this class to help organize the present Alumni Association, and after twenty-eight years since graduating, we each hold the members of Old Tipton High School sacred and dear, and it is the Tipton Alumni Association that brings back so vividly our school days.

You have had school privileges, equipment and buildings which we never enjoyed. Our school life was entirely lived in the Old Tipton High School Building, beginning when three rooms were used, and the High School faculty during our entire High School course never consisted of more than four instructors. No orchestras, no basketball, no baseball, and our only amusement was a spelling bee or debating society, yet our school days are as dear to us as yours will be 28 years from now.

—Frank H. Gifford, Tipton, Indiana.

1896.

Through an expanse of twenty-seven years, we reach forth to extend to you, the Class of 1923, the hand-clasp of welcome and of congratulation. May your life's efforts be as successfully attained and as completely accomplished as has been this first real achievement, is the sincere wish and prayer of Alice R. Innis, Harriett H. Karsell, Charles E. Dickey, William F. Nelson, Cleon Wade Mount, Class of 1896.

—Cleon Wade Mount, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1897.

The Class of 1897, through the writer, extends to you, the members of the class of 1923, a warm and hearty greeting as you stand on the threshold of life. You are about to quit the class room, but you will find the world an open school, and life itself your greatest teacher. Opportunity not only knocks at your door, but calls aloud to you. Never in the history of the world have there been such golden opportunities for young people. Whatever your path in life may be, go you forth with a courage and determination that will not be dissuaded, a faith in God that will not be shaken, and victory is yours at the end of the road.

—Seva Richardson-Booth, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1898.

Greetings, Class of 1923. You are so big that you almost take us off our feet. We of 1898 were eleven in number, but mighty. We trust your association with us will be of mutual profit and enjoyment and that you will do honor to your Alma Mater, than which, there is no better school in the good old United States. Proudly we take your hand and sincerely assure you of a welcome to the Alumni Association of T. H. S.

—Fred S. Oglebay, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1899.

Class of '23: The Class of '99 extends greeting; we are sure that you have more than carried on the work of the first Tiponian, started by us.

—Beulah Gleason-Mood, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1900.

Hail, Class '23! You have started your ship from the good old

port of Tipton High. Sail on, sail on, and when at last you cast your anchor, may you find safety and success.

—Fred M. Robinson, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1901.

Years ago we skipped across the muddy streets and make-shift brick sidewalks to the old High School building.

You, of the younger generation, perhaps love no memory of this building, fine in its day. Simplicity was the watchword. No fancy suits or dresses and when cold weather came the old round stove tried to make the many little bodies comfortable, sometimes scorching one, while the next was cold.

Another generation winds itself towards the new site in 1923. Progress is rapid, and the writer regrets his inability to foresee what will be common things to the next generation.

—Tug Smith, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1902.

Just a word of greeting
From the Class of Nineteen-two;
A good old-fashioned had-clasp
We're reaching out to you.
We've a homey, kindred feeling;
The secret in the hue
Of a fadeless, sun-fast color,
The dear old "Prussian blue!"

—Mildred Lebo, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1903.

When the Alumni editor asked me for a greeting to the Class of 1923 from the Class of 1903, the thought brought home to me more forcibly than ever that it has been twenty years since a lucky dozen of us departed from the old gray brick "Temple of Knowledge" that use to stand on West Jefferson street midway between the court house and historic Buck Creek, armed with our diplomas, ready to settle all the worlds difficulties and even to regulate the movements of the stars if need be. But that is the way the seniors always feel and we must not blame them.

I do not know whether the editor thinks that, like our friend, Rip Van Winkle, I have been asleep for twenty years and having just awakened, should be called on for a few remarks.

In her letter to me the editor imparted the information

that each year the senior class issues a publication called "The Tiptonian." Now I happen to recall a number of things about this publication, as I served as athletic editor on the issues of 1901, 1902 and 1903, and was editor-in-chief of the 1903 volume. But no especial credit should attach itself to me on that account. The school was small then and they could not get anyone else to serve. The point is, I knew something about an annual called "The Tiptonian," very likely before any member of 1923 was born. Do not tell Mrs. Ida Matthews, or she will think I am one of those oldest inhabitants who should be interviewed for her "Hoosier Periscope."

Twenty years is a long stretch of time to you members of the Class of '23 as you look forward, but when 1943 rolls around you can appreciate my statement that in retrospect it is a short time only. After twenty years some of your youthful exuberance will have been tempered somewhat by more mature judgment, but at heart you will be boys and girls still. All of your high hopes will not have been realized necessarily, but may your hearts ever beat true to the Prussian Blue and old T. H. S. That is what really counts.

But I must end these rambling remarks or some one will say what one of my students once said. At the close of a lecture in one of my classes, I asked: "Have I overlooked anything?" "Yes," came the reply, "Several good places to stop."

1903 welcomes you members of 1923 into the ranks of the "3" classes which have taken their places among the Alumni. May honor, success and happiness be yours.

—Parke Mehlig, Cornvallis, Oregon.

—o—

Class 1904.

We of the Class of 1904, look back upon those dear old happy days when we, too, "worked the teachers," and "worked at our studies a little." We welcome you, Class of '23, into our Alumni with the best wishes for your future.

—Mildred Aldridge-Messmore, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1905.

If we were muzzled
  Right up to the chin,
It wouldn't matter,
  We'd still "butt in,"

And wish you success
In the future.
—Maude Moore-Purvis, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1906.

To the 1923 Class of Tipton High School, the Class of 1906 extends greetings. The Alumni, like the dear old T. H. S., is truly "a part of all I have met." Here you will always receive a welcome—a meeting place of old friends—a homecoming of T. H. S. students.

—Vesta Knotts-Larimore, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1907.

Accept this toast, from nineteen seven
To the class of nineteen twenty-three;
May your ambitions be as leaven,
As the highest peak, above the sea.

You have had four years of high school fun,
Don't make the mistake, to think you're through,
For life, in this world, has just begin,
So always strive to be brave and true.
—Blanche Mason Lankford, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1908.

Heigh ho! The Class of '08 extends to you, Class of '23, Greetings:

"Blessings on thee, my little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan."

I think of this to call attention to your youth, callousness and inexperience, but not innocence. Lord, no, not in this day and age of the speeding old world Do not think the Class of '08 belongs back with tottering King Tut and therefore well equipped to utter a few weak gasps of encouragement as you pass out into the great, wide world, and we refuse to be selved, even if we were the last class to graduate from the old high school building.

If you take us as your companions, we will tell to you the truth about yourselves. You are grown up. You grew up fast; at a better speed than we did even in 1908. But this age of flapperism, which has produced you, also has changed us. Every day in every way, we are getting younger and younger. The Class of '08 is far from sinking into senile old age.

If you don't lose your spirit of youth, you will continue to enjoy life and, above all, you will have an abundance of confidence and courage to face the world, cold and cruel at times.

Come on in, the water is fine, and we want to be with you, not years before you.

—Floyd Ramsay, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1909.

Class of '23, do you know your Anciant History? Who were the first settlers of the building from which you are now graduating? Surely your instructors have neglected your education if you do not know that the Class of '09 has that disttinction. However, we have had time to scatter from coast to coast. We greet the Class of '23 and all who are still loyal to Tipton High and its immortal Tiptonian.

—Alta Mount, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1910.

For thirteen year, we, of the Class of 1910, have trod the paths of life's byways. Beginning now to realize the limitations of memory in preserving for us the faces of our fellow students and scenes of our High School days, we vow that the Tiptonian is a touchstone for many pleasant retrospective lapses of memory of the four years spent in T. H. S. To the class of 1923, we of 1910, offer congratulations.

—Sam D. Groves, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1911.

To associate with winners is a tremendous incentive to winning. Rubbing elbows with the up and coming, places people in their number. Come on in; join our happy throng. "Welcome, Incomers, to our Alumni," is whit large by the Class of '11.

—Paul E. Barr, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1912.

In olden days—say nineteen-ten,
The boys and girls were just a fright
They only studied now and then,
When fancy chanced to strike them right.
They laughed and joked their way to class;
They seldom looked inside their books
Or seemed to wonder it they'd pass,

But lazed their time in comfy nooks,
And in the spring, love's plague would break
Upon the school. The tiny darts
Of Cupid, when his aim he'd take,
Sought out and found these carefree hearts,
And what slight work there'd been before
Was soon forgot. The dizzy whirl
Of parties, dances, dates galore;
The note-book sonnets to "the girl;"
The cunning subtle flattery
Of dainty maid (God bless 'em all—
The lab. galvanic battery
Ne'er held a thrill that you would call
A thrill, beside the kind I've got
From pretty miss and balmy skies
And all the world seemed in a plot
To stop all work on Caesar's lies,
Or trig, or Dutch, or History—
Why I just made this little rule
That studies oughtn't ever be
Allowed to clutter up a school.
Then take athletics through the year—
The members of each mighty squad,
Instead fo training just for fear,
Their team might chance to bite the sod,
They'd have their dates and stay up late,
And smoke and eat great hunks of pie—
But always thought it was just fate
When T. H. S. was knocked away
By some bum team we ought to beat,
With one hand tied behind our backs
We should have been bent o're a seat
And given forty-seven whacks.
But now the thing has all been changed,
Determined men and women start
Each day with lessons all arranged
In mind——they have each smallest part.
No mirth unseemly in the halls;
No wasted time by day or night;
The quest for knowledge each enthralls—
They'd teach old Caesar how to fight.
And puppy love—clear out of date;

It died a clownish death long since—
The knowledge-thirst it could not sate—
To modern youth it is a quince.
Athletic teams now know their stuff;
Each member always on his toes;
No dates, no smokes, and beefsteak tough
The only pastry that he knows.
In ancient days—say nineteen-ten
We fooled and fussed and broke the rules
But times like that won't come again
There sure has been a change in schools!

— Louis Foster,'12, President Alumni Association.
Tipton, Indiana

—o—

Class 1913.

Here's to the class of old '13,
Whose numerals seem to say,
"Watch for the hoodoo," it is there,
To follow you on your way;
Although this proves a jinx for some
We feel we are most plucky,
For in spite of all that has been said,
We once, at least, were lucky.

—Alice Pyke-Coffin, Tipton, Indiana.

The class of 1913 of T. H. S., which we must modestly, but forcibly inform you, was the best class that ever slipped through our dear old school, and extends to you, the Class of 1923, our heartiest greetings. We hope that your journey through the halls of T. H. S. was as pleasant as ours, nad that your class will be bound together by a friendship which will prove as true and lasting as the friendship formed ten years ago by the Class of 1913.

—William Zehner Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1914.

The Class of '14 extends the heartiest of welcomes to the energetic Class of '23. We are glad to have you with us, believing that the addition of your class enthusiasm will be of much benefit to our Alumni Association.

—Helen Trimble-Woodruff, Tipton, Indiana.

Class 1915.

Tho' it's been eight long, long years
Since we left those halls so dear,
Do you think that we've forgotten you?
That no longer we are true?
How could we?

Four short years we spent where you
Have waved so high the white and blue,
Four short years they seemed to us,
Four long years to those who taught us,
Will those teachers e'er forget us?
How could they?

Class of nineteen twenty-three,
Here is hoping you will be
As successful as you have been
Out of High School as within,
And life's battles all will win,
Nineteen twenty-three again,
Greetings!

—Lex L. D. Herron, Maryville, Tennessee.

—o—

Class 1916.

These few words of greeting,
Could not tell half we'd like to say
In wishing you life's choicest gifts this day.

—Arthur Bryan, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1917.

We greet you, congratulate you, and offer to you, our most heartfelt condolence. We apologize that there should still be room for achievement in the world, even though it has felt a half dozen years of our efforts. Ever mindful of posterity, we drew sparingly upon the store of knowledge which our staid old institution proffered us. If you, 1923, have shown a like consideration for those who are to follow, then you have formed a habit of generosity which will project itself through the years. It assures you of the rare privilege of saying to future generations that you have left as their heritage fertile fields of achievement untouched, unscathed, unblemished by your efforts.

—Forest L. Martz, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Class 1918.

We, the Class of 1918, are glad to welcome the members of the Class of 1923 among the membership of the Tipton High School Alumni Association. May there develop a lot of material among you for secretaries and committees for the association.

—Jack Albershardt, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1919.

The job of boosting is always easy if the object is one to your liking. I'll say for the Class of 1919—it can not be equaled. And in our class was developed a spirit of do or die for our T. H. S. We earnestly plead to rebuild the old T. H. S. fighting spirit and place our instructive institution at the very topmost rounds of the ladder.

—Paul E. Walker, Tipton, Indiana

—o—

Class 1920.

We, the members of the Class of '20, wish to extend our sincere greetings to the Class of '23. May each and every member of your class find the work for which he is best suited, and may he make of it a success.

—Evelyn Prilliman-Lebo, Tipton, Indiana.

—o—

Class 1921.

We greet you, Class of '23. The better foundation laid by a student in High School the greater will be his opportunity for development in College.

—Ruth Leatherman, De Pauw University.

—o—

Class 1922.

With Miss Pate's apron strings cut forever, and all the kind and watchful eyes of High School teachers no longer fondly guarding us, we embark on a college career. Prepare yourselves, Seniors. Go to college humbly, ready to receive all that is offered. Take what is coming to you, for you'll get it whether you want it or not.

—Eva A. Vines, De Pauw University.

To the Alumni of T. H. S.—For the hearty welcome extended to us by each individual class we sincerely thank you, and hope that we may be of mutual benefit to each other.

—Robert Wickersham, President Senior Class '23.

TIPTON ALUMNI.

Class of 1878—Nellie Gilbert*; Lottie Peterson-Spillman*; Ida Richardson*; Ella Young*; Eva Overman-Waugh, Tipton; Allie Wright-Martz*; Josie Blount-Warman, Indianapolis.

Class of 1879—Lula Young-Hardy, Tipton; Carrie Nelson-Hurlock*; Asberry Moore, Elwood; Fred Isgrigg*; India Vickrey*; Louis Dickey*; Lemuel Kimberlain, Indianapolis; Elizabeth Armstrong-Putney*; Mattie Peterson, Danville; Sadie Wright-Standerford*; Elizabeth Tevis-Lewis, Tipton; Robert Webb*; Mae Blount-Conner, Indianapolis; Maggie Metts-Daugherty; Muncie; Azro Moore, Tipton; Ora Harding-Innis, Tipton.

Class of 1880—Laura Dale-Guiyon, Los Angeles, Cal.; Emma Nelson-White, Merced, Cal.; Jessie McConnell-Weed, Clyde N. Y.; Della Harding-Clemmins, Long Beach, Cal.; Mary Ramsey-Bunch*; Elizabeth Montgomery-Bray, Quincy, Ill.; Fannie Griffin- Parker, Washington, D. C.; Henry Griffin*; Ella Small-Isgrigg, Los Angeles, Cal.

Class of 1881—No graduates.

Class of 1882—No graduates.

Class of 1883—Josie Murphy-Frisz, Tipton; Jennie Carson-Logan, Clarksburg; Retta Fear, Frankfort; Maggie Carson-Bunch, Tipton.

Class of 1884—No graduates.

Class of 1885—No graduates.

Class of 1886—W. A. Addison, Indianapolis; Ora Grishaw*; Belle Wright-Law, Tipton.

Class of 1887—No graduates.

Class of 1888—Pearl Waugh, Washington, D. C.; Grace Bert-Foust, Carthage; Louie McColley-Bartholomew, Franklin; Katie Burns*; William Walker —— ; Ethel Mehlig*; Watson Pitzer, Los Angeles, Cal.; Jessie Carson, Indianapolis; Ella Ogan-Smart*; Susan Rust, Richmond.

Class of 1889—Winnie Berryman-Nash, Tipton; Cora Summers-Carter, Tipton; Jessie Swoveland-Legg, Tipton; Tom Teter, Little Rock, Ark.; Bertha Nicholson-LaFever*; Francis Haas-Levi, Kokomo; John Oglebay*; Hattie Bennett-Taylor, Arcadia; Emma Binkley-Jolly, Tipton; Celia Newcomer-Wasson, Delphi.

Class of 1890—Amy Williamson, Berkley, Cal.; Julia Pressler-Stewart, Delphois, Ohio; Anna McColley Pickens, Indianapolis; Lew Barlow-Caylor, Kokomo; Vessie Mount-Parsons, Walla Walla, Wash.; Stella Davis-Loer*; Ambrose Moody, St. Louis,

Mo.; Lula Clark-Martz, Tipton, Lora Teter-Hubbard, Duluth, Minn.

Class of 1891—Bonnie Beaucamp-Pugh, Los Angeles, Cal.; Max Mehlig, Bellingham, Wash.; Francis Jones-Loucks, Peru; Etta Tincher-Leach, Jonesboro; Dora Hysman-Heather, Chicago, Ill.; Mae Shellenbarger-Steele, Indianapolis; Effie Martindale-Fish, Tipton; Effie Kimberlain-Tritipo, Fisher Station; Lula Collins-Williams, Miami, Fla.; Rose Mitchell-Gillispie, Lima, Ohio.

Class of 1892—Harvey Lebo, Washington, D. C.; Clemmie Osborne-Langley, Florida; Mable Tingle, Greenwood; Jesse Barlow, Philadelphia, Penn.; Harry Grishaw, Tipton, Ira Justus, Indianapolis; Helen Mahan-Pyke, Tipton; Mable Pitzer-Terrel, Los Angeles, Cal.; Sophia Woodruff-Mendenhall, Tipton; Jennie Friar-Nash, Tipton; Jessie Groves, Tipton, Margaret Oglebay, Tipton; Della Probst-Roode, Tipton; May Albright-Crane, Indianapolis; Allen Gifford, Springfield, Mo. Clara Jones-Ramsey*.

Class of 1893—Bertha Wilcox-Wickersham, Los Angeles, Cal.; Dora Eastes-Davis, Shawee, Okla.

Class of 1894—Etta Appleton-Foster, Tipton; Maggie Davis-Coleman, Indianapolis; Mattie Hadley-Nuzon, Elwood.

Class of 1895—Clyde Porter, Tipton; Gertrude Swoveland-Winfield, Ft. Wayne; Louis Haas, Tipton; Charles Winfield, Ft. Wayne; Fred Overman, Indianapolis; Daisy Whitinger-DeHaven, South Bend; Joseph Booth, Tipton; Eleanor Clark, Tipton; Or Foster, Lafayette; Frank Gifford, Tipton.

Class of 1896—Charles Dickey, City Falls, Mont.; Alice Russell-Innis, Indianapolis; Harriet Haas-Karsell, Bloomington; William Nelson, Indianapolis; Cleon W. Mount, Tipton.

Class of 1897—Seva Richardson-Booth, Tipton; Caroline Teter-Hawley, Duluth, Minn.; Harry Phares; Margary Bennett-Hamilton, Washington, D. C.; Carrie Kehler, Akron, Ohio; Floe Davis-Lebo, Washington, D. C.; Ralph Gates, Anderson; Will Mayne*; Maude McColley Picken, Indianapolis; Harry Dickey, Terre Haute; Jessie Roth, Elwood; Albert Haas, Noblesville; Clarence Mitchell, Indianapolis.

Class of 1898—Chloe Foster, Indianapolis; Florence Surface*; Ray Winfield, Buffalo, N. Y.; Roscoe Ballard, Hutchins, Kan.; Bessie Kelley-Roger, Evansville: Nellie Ressler-Gifford*; Fred S. Oglebay, Tipton; Fred Bowlin, Little Rock, Ark.; Lon Compton, Tipton; Oscar Collins, Tipton; Frank Bennett, Indianapolis.

Class of 1899—Bertha Bowlin-Knee, Washinton, D. C.; Ben-

lah Gleason-Mood, Tipton; Bernard Moore, Minneapolis, Minn.; Charles Smith, Bluffton; Pearl Sheppard-Miller, Calgary Alberta, Canada; Myrtle Miller-Staley, Tipton; Harry Talbot*; May Salters-Phillips, Cleveland, Ohio; Ora Nicholson-Dunlap, Indianapolis; Frank Vawters, Tipton; Mable Burkhardt-Clark, New Lancaster.

Class of 1900—Jessie Waugh-Adams, Enrout; Mona Axtell-Mahan, Tipton; Herbert Dickey, Chicago, Ill.; Hanson Gifford, Tipton; John Todd, Indianapolis; Kate Culler-Reese, Indianapolis; Fred Robinson, Tipton; Edward Pape, Indianapolis; Ulin Porter-Meyers, Indianapolis; John Gates, Indianapolis; Charles Shannon, Norman, Okla.

Class of 1901—Mabel Blount-Plaffman, Stroh; Bessie Teter, Tipton; Nellie Read-Thorne, Chicago, Ill.; Carrie Read-Karsell, Bloomington; Sadie Gough-McCreary, Tipton; Gomer Burton, Indianapolis; Tug Smith, Tipton; Edna Haynes-Moore, Minneapolis, Minn.; Phillipp McArdle, Pittsburgh, Penn.; Maud Bennett*; Sidney Dillion, Indiana Harbor; Katherine Johnson, Tipton; Jessie Leavell, Albany; Marion Mozingo,—; Collen Pence, Tipton.

Class of 1902—Anna Blount-Curry, West Park, Ill.; Frank Nelson, Indianapolis; Mabel Clauser, Logansport; Fannie Gough-Burton, Indianapolis; Hattie Gates-Harper, Sharpsville; Carl Watson, Brazil; Chester Harper, Goldsmith; E. Reagan-Wimer, Chicago, Ill.; Otto Pape, Oxford; Hazel Mount-Brundage, Columbus, Ohio; Mary McArdle, Pittsburgh, Penn.; Ethel Bates, Pinkerton; Earl Smith, Anderson; Lena Stephenson, Elwood; Ruth Lebo-Smith, Bluffton; Mildred Lebo, Tipton.

Class of 1903—Parke Mehlig, Corvallis, Ore.; Fannie Fouch-Hurd, Elwood; Orville Butner, Windfall; Charles Lee, Tipton; Ethel Reed-Schuthoske, St. Louis, Mo.; Cleve Pape, Chicago, Ill.; Fred Ayres, Indianapolis; Glen Huron, Cleveland, Ohio; Myrtle Newlon-Essington, South Bend; Charles Bates, Tipton; Ethel Gilchrist-Love, Marion; Charles Kemp, Frankfort.

Class of 1904—Vallie Moore-Ledwig, Tipton; Grace Dillon-Pence, Tipton; Morton Haas, Savannah, Ga.; Harry Adams, Decatur, Ill.; Omer Colby, Indianapolis; Myrtle Aldridge-Messmore, Tipton; Ralph Gleason, Anderson; Lulu Kirtley-Clark, Fowler; Walter Dickey, Lincoln, Neb.; Katie Deakyne, Tipton; Carl Burkhardt, Lexington, Mo.; Walter Kemp, Frankfort; Florence Rosenthal-Smith, Elwood; Bessie Mahan-Staats*.

Class of 1905—Guy Craig, Indianapolis; Oren Zehner*; Mayme Reed, Tipton; Blanche Ryker, Kokomo; Guy VanBuskirk,

Detroit, Mich.; Beatrice Ryker-Campbell, Goldsmith; Maud Moore-Purvis, Tipton; Otto Hughes, Laporte; Murrel Moore-Foster, Atlanta; George Hamilton, Tipton; Bertha Moore-Rice, Coshocton, Ohio; George Off, Sharpsville; Ethel Sowers, Tipton; Delcie Huckstep-Duncan, Sharpsville.

Class of 1906—Ferdinand Rayle, Fargo, N. D.; Mary Moore-Berger, Salena, Kan.; Will Kinder, Tipton; Madge Blount-McQueen, Wilkinsburg, Penn.; Mary Harlow, Cleveland, Ohio; Will Ferguson, Tipton; Paul McCorkle*; Vesta Knotts-Larimore, Tipton; Jean Picken-Dupree, Indianapolis; Brough O'Banion-Barr, St. Louis, Mo.; Oren Richardson, Normanda, Grace Schulenborg-Richman, Cincinnati, Ohio; Merton Richardson*.

Class of 1907—Ruth Daum-Green, Jackson, Mich.; Leona Fritz-Ogle, Tipton; Fred Harker, Okla.; Flossie Kemp-Lindley, Elwood; Allan Ogan, Topeka, Kan.; Noble Coryell, New York, N. Y.; Nellie Coryell, Windfall; Esther Lewis-Bridge, Tipton; Lela Legg-Kern, Kokomo; Ora Bates-Thomas, Marion; Blanche Mason-Lankford, Tipton; Elfa Plake-Smith, Sharpsville; Hattie McColley-Hershman, Tipton; Frank Lindley, Elwood.

Class of 1908—Evan Smith*; Opal McShane-Roll, Terre Haute; William Cole, Los Angeles, Cal.; Cleo Teter-Smith, Tipton; Ray Bower, Tipton; Roy Smith, Tipton; Nellie Smtih, Gary; Clyrol Foster-Brookbank, Bloomington; Ralph Richman, Cincinnati, Ohio; Chloe Hershman-Shook, Tipton; Floyd Ramsay, Tipton; Myrtle Rickardson, Gary; Mabel Mott-Harlow, Kempton; George McCarty, Indianapolis; Agnes Langan, Tipton; Walter Mayne, Cape Town, Africa; Earl LaFara, Indianapolis; Fern Wells-Huber, Marion; Mamie Moore-Kibler, Goshen; Ben Bowman, Kokomo; Edna Doversberger, Tipton; Paul Salter, Kokomo.

Class of 1909—Herman O'Hara, Newark, N. J.; Gladys Patton*; Arvilla Fuller-Nance, Tipton; Raymond McArdle, Pittsburgh, Penn.; Cora Wise-Cronback, Fresno, Cal.; Ben Drake, Sharpsville; Lydia Hartman-Moore, Tipton; Okla Hershman, Indianapolis; Gladys Mount*; Mable Kleyla-Breitwieser, Centerville; Alta Mount, Tipton; Ruth Krumanaker-Cline, Muncie; Frank Richey, Berkley, Cal.; Ethel Coleman-Vail, Chicago, Ill.; Dennis Tompson, Sharpsville; Opal Pence, Muncie; Monroe Hughes, Tipton; Margaret Miller*; Chessel Urmston, Indianapolis; Espy Katon-Bragg-Ryan, Warsaw.

Class of 1910—Ralph Kemp, Kokomo; Dane Paterson, Los Angeles, Cal.; Juanita Tressider-Tope*; Bertha Russell-Robinson, Tipton; Ersie Martin, Carmel; Sam Groves, Tipton; Char-

lotte Wells-Rippetoe, Connersville; Laura Messmore, Tipton; Edna Repp-Bowman, Kokomo; Pearl Fisher-Baldwin, Sharpsville; Hershell Francis, Glendale, Cal.; Grace Trimble-Barrett, Windfall; Genevieve Haggerty*; Florence Illges, Tipton; Floyd Webb, Hobbs; Ethel Graham-Heyle, Ohio; Louis Hurley, Akron; Lucy Pickeral*; James Hogan, Tipton; Blanche Holman-Zehner, Tipton; Bethel Templeton, Curtisville; Sylvia Sloan-Coryell,New York, N. Y.; Paul VanBuskirk, Detroit, Mich.; Paul Smith, Curtisville; Mary Smith-Kerlin, Franklin; Clara Doversberger, Tipton.

Class of 1911—Harold Patton*; Helen Brown*; Aloysius McEntee, Kokomo; Ruth McConkey-Hammond; Florence Lewis-Colenbaugh, Vincennes; Carl Richman, Tipton; Pearl Mayme-Dunlap, Milwaukee, Wis.; Harry Herron, Chicago, Ill.; Gladys Bowlin-Herron, Chicago, Ill.; Eugene Pyke, Detroit, Mich.; Jean Johns-Campbell, New Albany; Paul Barr, Goldsmith; Edythe Ramsay-Foster, Tipton; Lydia Trimble, Tipton; Ray Glenn, Kokomo; Mable Showers*; John Smith, Tipton; Bertha Porter, Indianapolis; Floyd Mayne, Carmel; Pearl Asken-Rayls, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Allen Innis, Polo, Ill.; Emma Troutman-Messmore*; Ray Kirtley*; Lela Good, Hobbs; Robert Smith, Goldsmith; Ruth Anderson-Bassford, Muncie; Oren Foster, Tipton; Berl Graham, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Class of 1912—Dorothy Bell*; Frank Hardy, Indianapolis; Marie Nicholson-Rosenthal, Tipton; Clyde Barr, Tipton; Anna Moore-Adams, Tipton; Louis Foster, Tipton; Maude Wiggins-Russell, Kokomo; Caryl Oakes, Kansas City, Kan.; Gordy Wheatly, Tipton; Edna Little-Pressler, Tipton; Earl Ludwig, Tipton; Donald Tressider, Fresno, Cal.; Dallas Francis, Tipton; Herman Hosier, Elwood; Thomas Robinson*; Mary Baker-Brown, Tipton; Paul Bennett, Tipton; Allen Johnson, Tipton; Murrell Watson, Tipton.

Class of 1913—Harry Albershardt, Tipton; William Ward Norris, Mulkin, Mich.; Roma Brookbank, Pendleton; Alma Doversbarger, Tipton; Mary Bunch-Singer, Sanburn; Fred Daniels, Chicago, Ill.; George Bowers, Indianapolis; Kent Little, Cincinnati, O.; Esther Huron, Tipton; Harold Frisz, Lafayette; Mary Edmonds, Tipton;Nora Smelser-Doversberger, Tipton;Myron Seright*; Edith Scally-Jenkins, Indianapolis; Ernest Rosenthal, Tipton; Jessie Miller, Frankton; Elma Ora Michael-Ticken, Culver, Raymond Little, Tipton; Lucile Nickey-Vore, Milwaukee, Wis.; Marie Patrick, Mishawaka; Elizabeth Alice Pyke-Coffin,

Tipton; Ralph Parsons, Tipton; Miriam Trittschuh-Powell, St. Joseph, Mo.; Carl Crail, Tipton; Nina Smith, Los Angeles, Cal.; Will Zehner, Tipton; Isabelle Walker, Indianapolis; Alpha Whisler, Hobbs; Enola Daum-Gross, Anderson; Dora Doversberger, Tipton.

Class of 1914—Will Albershardt, Tipton; Jean Carter, Tipton; Bruce Summers, Tipton; Luther Richman, Maryville, Mo.; Don Pyke, Detroit, Mich.; Hildreth Hiatt*; Mary McConkey-Harthing, Logansport; Margaret Coffey, Tipton; India Thomas-Bennett, St. Paul, Minn.; Ruth Shook, Westfield, Ill.; Martha Hensley-Froeman, Detroit, Mich.; Miner Bower*; Gwendolyn Roulls-Springer, Detroit, Mich.; Okla Eller*; Paul Grishaw, Tipton; Carrie Trittschuh, Anderson; Octa Eller*; John Gifford, Chicago, Ill.; Rube Smith, Tipton; Alma Gray, Mys; Harvey Hall, Tipton; John Stitt, Indianapolis; Vera Swabb-Mohler, Howard, Pa.; Edna Swartz-Leonard, Louisville, Ky.; Helen Trimble-Woodruff, Tipton; Margaret Smelser-Quade, Tipton; Dallas Warne, Dawson Springs, Ky.; Othello Powell, Gary; Zella Wynn, Tipton.

Class of 1915—Hobart Kinder, Tipton; Melba Richards-Berge, Kokomo; Robert Pyke, Wichta, Kan.; Maurice Vernon, Lima, Ohio; Kelsie Warne, Hobane; Esther Pape-McIntosh, Tipton; Anthony O'Bierne, Tipton; Margaret Nicholson, Tipton; Lawrence Mattingly, Tipton; Oma McKeown, Tipton; Mount Lilly, Tipton; John Legg, Tipton; Patricia Langan-Richardson, Tipton, Lucile Avery, Curtisville; Bessie Bowers- Jenkins, Lima, Ohio; Margaret Bunch-McCool, Kokomo; Clinton Cochran, Tipton; John Coughlin, Joliet, Ill.; Mable Dawson-Foster, Tipton; Earl Foster, Tipton; Clarence Fuller, Tipton; Beatrice Gay Devine, Elwood; Esta Goodpaster, Tipton; William Gunkel Sharpsville; Sybel Haskett-Clark, Tipton; Lex Herron Maryville,Tenn.; Mary Hobbs-Bryan, Tipton; Omer Hosier, Sharpsville; Bertha Johnson-Hoover, Tipton; Forest Kiger, Indianapolis; Blanche Haskett-Ray, Tipton.

Class of 1916—Vera Adair-Tucker, Tipton; Omer Boyd, Tipton, Louis Barbara Blount-Sheedy, Harlam, Ohio; Will Brown, Washington; Arthur Bryan, Tipton; Avie Burkett, Hobbs; Emily Burkhardt-Smith, Onena, Mich.; Harris Carr, Tipton; Hugh Carter, Tipton; Edward Castor, Tipton; Inez Clabaugh-Horn, Fountain City; Robert Coffey, Tipton; Clark Conover, Indianapolis; Tressa Coy, Tipton; Russell Davis, Tipton; Ethel Dawson, Tipton; Nellie Dodd-Freeman, Kokomo; Allen Findling, Tipton; Wilda Foster-Doyle, Paris, Ill.; Hubert Grishaw, Tipton; Elizabeth Hen-

sley-Clore, Fort Worth, Tex.; William Illges, Atlanta; Bernice Leavell-Mattingly, Tipton; Gertrude Long-Gorman, Creston, Neb.; Helen McConkey-Barr, Tipton; Clarice McLaughlin, Tipton; LeRoy Messmore, Tipton; Don Montgomery, Tipton; Dewey Moore, Tipton; Jean Alice Nash, Tipton; Ralph Reed, South Bend; Edith Richardson, Tipton; Margaret Ryan-Clark, Ft. Wayne; Roy Sabens, Tipton; Joseph Schneider*; Lela Schulenborg, Tipton; Minnie Shaddy, Kokomo; Mary Shaw-Brown, Washington; May Shook-Grishaw, Tipton; Ruth Simmonds-Clark, Kokomo; Nellie Sottong-Huffer, Tipton; Mary Springer, Anderson; Porter Teter, Goldsmith; Vivian Trittschuh-Jesse, Gray; Arthur Utterback, Lafayette; Alzena Walker, Croffville, Tenn.; Ruby Winton, Hobbs; Norman Martz, Tipton; Amelia McEntee-McNamara, Tipton; Elsie Whisler, Atlanta; Josephine Young-Paul, Tipton.

Class of 1917—Fred Albershardt, Tipton; Merrill Conover, Indianapolis; Bonnie Calvin, Tipton; Floyd Crubaugh*; Doris Grishaw-Davis, Tipton; Dorse Glass, Tipton; Fred Hinman, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Howard Hinman, Chicago, Ill.; Hugh Holloway, Lima, Ohio; Oris Kinder, Ekin; Jesse McIntosh, Tipton; Ruth Michel*; Walter Miller, Tipton; Francis Nicholson-Burton, Atlanta; Jennie Partridge, Kokomo; Gay Recobs-Zehner, Tipton; Ernest Small, Kokomo; Oleine Tressidder, Los Angeles, Cal.; Virginia Young-Hoover, Tipton; Ruth Bower-Frankfurth, Comber, Ontario, Canada; Ruth Carter, Hobbs; Edythe Cougill-Anders, Bloomington; Frank Durr, Hobbs; Louis Gall, Tipton; Ethyl Harker-Montgomery, Tipton; Charles Jordan, Hobbs; Beulah Leavitt-Glass, Tipton; Forest Martz, Cambridge, Mass.; Clara Zeigel-Vandevender, Indianapolis; Oran Miller, Tipton; Bonnie Myerly-Foland-Calvin, Tipton; Estella Off-Boyd, Tipton; Ralph Purvis, Palo Alto, Cal.; Mary Richman-Summer, Indianapolis; Opal Small, Kokomo; Clifford Sorrell, Tipton; Katherine Winton, Indianapolis; Glenn Zentmyer, Tipton; Jeanette Smith, Muncie.

Class of 1918—Valora Adair, Tipton; Howard Redinger, Peru; Ethel Moore, Tipton; Bessie Cochran-Wiggins, Tipton; Jack Albershardt, Tipton; Nina Leavell-Cunningham, Hobbs; Mae Mock, Tipton; Ruby Smith, Tipton; Louise Kendall-Ross, Lafayette; Naomi Batzner, Hobbs; Herbert Huron, West Liberty, Ohio; Blanche Dellinger, Tipton; Eugene Utterback, Carthage; Susie Burket, Tipton; Rufus Alley, Tipton; Mary Little, Tipton; Paul Dawson, Tipton; Lucy Pence-Katon, Anderson; Vonnie Coy, Goshen; Reva Todd-Tunkle, Tipton; Robert Mundell, Tipton; Tel-

las Lee, Lafayette; Opal Wilburne, Tipton; Jesse Weaver, Tipton; Joe Coughlin, Jolletville, Ill.; Monell Watson, Tipton; Boyd Purvis, Tipton; George Bowers, Chicago, Ill; Ruth Leavell-Legg, Tipton; Raymond Harker, Anderson; George Stroup, Tipton; Bertha Giles, Tipton; Emory Fuller, Tipton; Elmer Murphy, Elwood.

Class of 1919—Delmar Beam, Tipton; Ethel Bert, Tipton; Georgeanne Gifford-Hosman, Tipton; Floyd Katon, Indianapolis; Paul E. Walker, Tipton; Blanch Hutto, Kendallville; Walter Cunningham, Indianapolis; Blythe Burkhardt, Fort Wayne; Esther Brewer-Rust, Tipton; Loren G. Davis, Tipton; Geneva Edwards, Tipton; William McNairy, Columbus, Ohio; Ernest Durr, Hobbs; Alva Springer, Detroit, Mich.; Mable Hoover, Tipton; Paul Maholm, Fort Wayne; Mildred Huber, Tipton; Nina Nicholson-Ripberger, Tipton; Earl Hoover, Indianapolis; Dorothy Conroy-Reed, South Bend; Lyndell Foster, Tipton; Mary Nash, Tipton; Eunice McGraw, Tipton; Helene Harrison, New Castle; Carolyne Reed-Egler, Tipton; Leroy Gifford, Tipton; Thomas O'Toole, Detroit, Mich.; Joseph O'Beirne, Annapolis, Md.; Agnes Ryan, Texas; Clark Trittschuh, Tipton; Mary Stockdale-Utterback, Muncie; Blanche Devault-Franklin, Kokomo; Elsie Shook-Harper, Tipton; Mildred Cole, Indianapolis; Gladys Parsons, Tipton; Emma Michel, Tipton; Jolly John Barr, Tipton; Joseph Jeane Goar, Tipton; Lillian Herron, Maryville, Tenn.; Florence Saissline-Perry, Tipton; Walter Weismiller, Tipton; Buell Crum, Tipton; Herbert Watson, Tipton; Bonnie McColley-Harker, Anderson; Carrie Hoover, Tipton; Annamae Albershardt, Tipton; Frank Hardin Bunch, Tipton; Dwight Farley, Tipton; Leo Carr, Tipton; Wilma Wainscott, Sherdian; Merle Appleton, Tipton; Ruth Grishaw, Tipton; Paul Jackson, Tipton; Mary Stockdale-Utterback, Muncie.

Class of 1920—Clyde Ewing, Indianapolis; Felicia Teter, Goldsmith; Richard Nash, Tipton; June Adair, Tipton; Phillip McCarthy, Kempton; Neva Dawson, Tipton; Mable Orr, Tipton; Dorothy Jones-Snyderman, Kokomo; Mildred Downing, Hobbs; Lois Bishop, Tipton; Marie Purvis, Tipton; Garnet Wolford, Tipton; Myral Smith, Tipton; Allen Appleton, Tipton; Marguerite Teter, Goldsmith; Ruth Goodman-Rayls, Tipton; Leo Lebo, Tipton; Florence Richards, Muncie; Don Hinkle, Kempton; Mary Manlove, Tipton; Viola Slater, Windfall; Charles Seward, Tipton; Mary Adair, Tipton; Pauline Swift-Smeltzer, Tipton; Herman Springer, Detroit, Mich.; Frieda O'Banion, Tipton; Hugh Downing, Tipton; Merrill Neidhamer*; Aldena Durham, Tipton, John Matthews, Tipton; Orintha Riley, Tipton; Pearl Cole, Atlanta;

Evelyn Prilliman-Lebo, Tipton;Eugene Sandman,Tipton; Garnet Wilson, Kempton; Edith Mood, Tipton; Freida Paul, Muncie; Robin Adair, Tipton; Beatrice Osborn, Tipton; Wilma Smith, Hobbs; Gertrude Pressler, Tipton; Clyde Lineback, Goldsmith; Ivory Phifer, Tipton; Lowell Green, Tipton; Honora O'Hara, Tipton; Idona Leavitt, Tipton; Clyde Young, Tipton; Lucile Stillwell, Kempton; Howard Wilson, Frankford; Eloise Hartley, Logansport; Ethel Paul-Goar, Tipton; Thomas McAvoy, Notre Dame; Frances Sabens, Indianapolis; Clarice Dunn-Nightenhelser, Tipton; Paul Small, Tipton; Laura Grishaw Padgett, Noblesville; Clarice Porter, Tipton; Allen Warne, Tipton.

Class of 1921—Edna Dellinger, Hobbs; Fred Stockdale, Tipton; Marian Shook, Tipton;David Dickey, Tipton;Mildred Weaver, Indianapolis; Robert Mock, Tipton; Ruth Campbell, Goldsmith; Cecil Stafford, Tipton; Frances Carter-Decker, Hobbs, William Grishaw, Tipton; Fae Whisler, Hobbs; Paul Richman, Tipton; Clara Davis, Tipton; Hull Cole, Indianapolis; Leona Aldridge, Goldsmith; Fred Van Devender, Tipton; Edythe Spencer, Kempton; Robert Jaqua, Tipton; Gwendolyn Paul, Tipton; Ralph Preston, Detroit, Mich.; Ruth Charles, Tipton; Clarance Hallgrath, Cal.; Marjorie Young, Franklin; Lawrence Clark, Goldsmith; Mary Mendenhall, Tipton; Edwin Weismiller, Tipton; Elsie Martin, Tipton; Wilfred Heier, Tipton; Anna Zimmerman, Tipton; Robert Burke, Tipton; Esther Andre, Peru; John O'Toole, Indianapolis; Vera Teter, Goldsmith; Kenneth McKinney, Tipton; Gerldine Leavell, Indianapolis; Lowell Kinder, Tipton; Carolyn Yontz-Doversberger, Tipton; Norman Frisz, Tipton; Julia Reynolds, Louisville, Ky.; Euvonne Hoover, Tipton; Kenneth Campbell, Tipton; Claudia McAffee, Franklin; Ruth Leatherman, Tipton; Owen Ratcliff, Kempton; Helen Grishaw, Tipton; James Green, Tipton; Don Utterback, Tipton Bernard Muston, Kokomo.

Class of 1922—Beyrl Adair, Tipton; Alva Banta, Tipton; Mary Batzner, Tipton; Hershell Angell, Hobbs; Carroll Blount, Tipton; Glenn Bouse, Tipton; Irene Bozell, Tipton, Boyd Burkhardt, Madison, Wis.; Beulah Campbell, Tipton; Earl Clark, Tipton; Lucy Buroker, Tipton; Margaret Cochran, Tipton; Helene Cooper, Tipton; Mary Crail, Tipton; Parker Dunham, Kempton; Hugh Graham, Tipton; Mildred Gross, Hobbs; Celia Mae Findling, Tipton; Elroy Hinman, Tipton; Anna Long, Tipton; Paul Lebo, Tipton; Mildred Hopkins, Indianapolis; Miriam Michel, Tipton; Joe Martz, Tipton; Mable Michel, Tipton; Genevieve Sturgeon,

Tipton; Fred J. Oglebay, Tipton; Judith Oglebay, Tipton; Margaret McCreary, Tipton; Cleora Quist, Tipton; Robert Russell, Tipton; Don Smith, Tipton; Ival Ratcliffe, Tipton, Edna Mae Surratt, Tipton; Dorothy Thomas, Tipton; Bernice Smith-Fox, Tipton; Edythe Sowers, Tipton; Esther Stewart, Tipton; Cleo Small, Tipton; Mary Twilling, Tipton; Ruth Ulm, Tipton; Eva Vines, Tipton; Ralph Walker, Tipton; Victor Vines, Detroit, Mich. Imogene Warder, Tipton; Margaret Nash, Tipton; Noel Purvis, Tipton; Donald Lord, Tipton; Ruth Thomas, Tipton; Ruth Wimer, Tipton.

State omitted—Indiana. *—Deceased.

I wish to thank Mrs. Belle Wright-Law and others for their invaluable assistance in locating members of the Alumni.

—Winifred M. Haselton, Alumni Editor, Tiptonian.

—o—

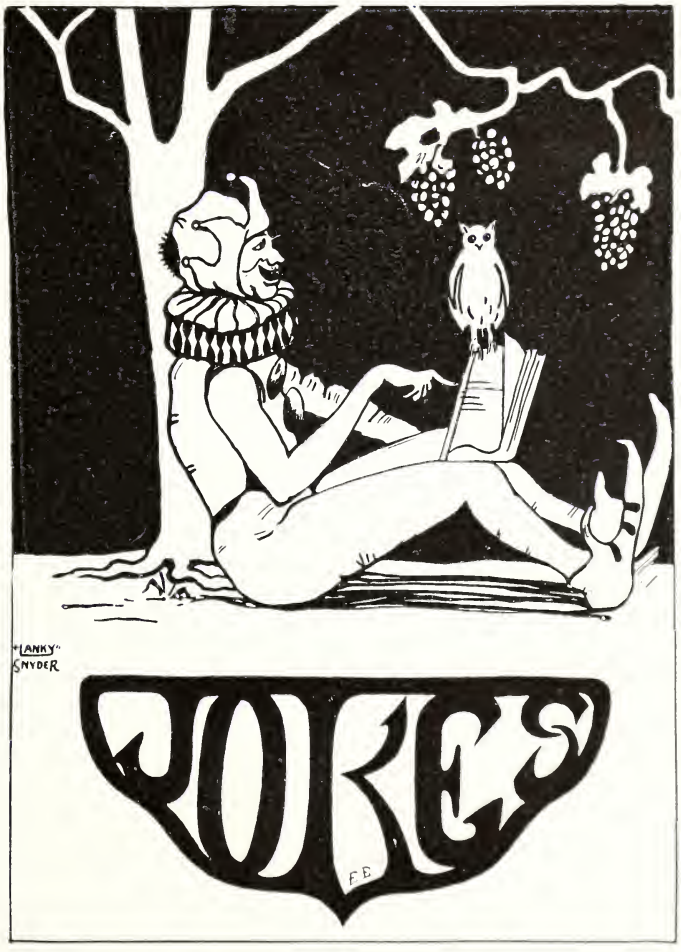
SHOPPING SUSIE

——::——

When Susie started shopping
She wore her pony coat,
Her gloves were sound and silken,
Her shoes were from the goat;
And o'er her cherished ringlets
All on that busy day,
She wore a massive headpiece
Right across this way:

But when the day was over,
The bargains in her fist,
The light of battle burning,
Fed with her shopping list,
She looked a trifle frazzled,
For she had been to bat;
But still she had these remnants
That once had been a hat.

—DOROTHY ARMSTRONG.


"LANKY"
SNYDER
FOLKS
F.E.

Harold Cully: Lois, what makes your cheeks so rosy?
Louis Mock: Oh, I drive five miles every morning.
Harold: Is it that far to the drug store?

—o—

Mary: Be, have you the latest "Snappy Stories?"
Be: Have you heard the one about the traveling salesman?

—o—

I shake my shoulders,
And I shake my knees.
I'm a free born American,
So I shake what I please.

—o—

Wop: Did you know that all women are angels?

Smity: Oh, come now, Wop, old kid; not all women. I'll admit some are, but not all by a long shot.

Wop: Yes, they are, too; all women are angels, for they are forever flying around—always up in the air—always harping on something—and never have anything to wear.

—o—

There was a young man from the city,
Who saw what he thought was a kitty;
"Come here, little cat,"
He said with a pat—!!
They burned all his clothes—what a pity.

DOROTHY ARMSTRONG.

—o—

Who said the Indians are stocial and never laugh? Didn't Longfellow make Minne ha-ha?

—o—

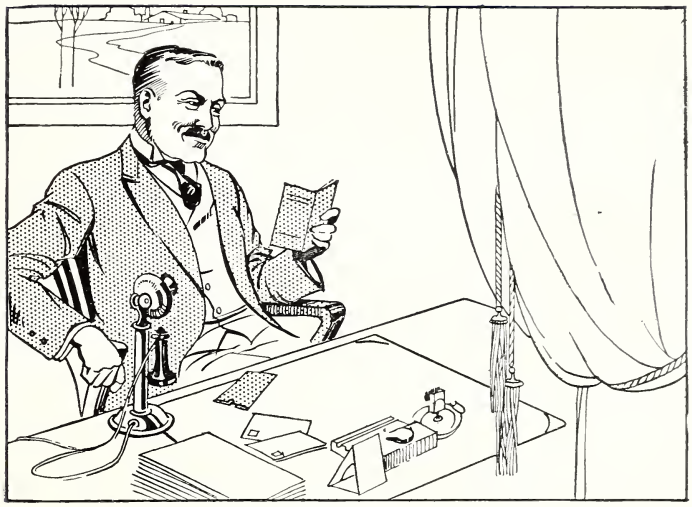
Bernice Hobbs (to clerk in music shop): Have you "Hot Lips?"

Clerk: No, but I have passionate eyes.

—o—

Worth Sowers (wise in the ways of parrots) trying to teach a young one to say "Hello" in one lesson.

"Hello," he said, and receiving no answer repeated the greeting several times. At the final "Hello" the parrot opened one eye and gazed pityingly at the young man and snapped. "Line's busy."



Thinking of Tomorrow

¶ If by some magic the curtain of the future might be drawn back and you could see life as it will be ten or twenty years from today — where would you be?

¶ You know the answer. The men and women who will then have the most independence and influence in our community will be the ones who today think and plan most wisely for the tomorrows — and hold themselves ready to take advantage of every opportunity that comes.

¶ Nothing will help you more, five or ten years from now, than the dollars you can save by starting today — and you can save best by getting some bank to co-operate with you. As members of the Federal Reserve Banking System we are prepared to co-operate with you in every way. Let us show you how to save and to make your money work for you.

Farmers Loan & Trust Co.

Member of the Federal Reserve Banking System

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Stockholder in the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago

Harry Binkley, Jr.: Pop, what is the Latin word for "people?"

Harry Binkley, Sr.: Son, I have forgotten.

H. Binkley, Jr.: I guess "populi."

H. Binkley, Sr.: What, you impudent young rascal, lie, do I? Come to the woodshed.

—o—

Definition of "Conway Cabal" found on U. S. History student's paper: Conway Cable was a cable made by Conway for the purpose of sending message around the army.

—o—

Bernard had a stick of gum
Which was as white as snow,
And everywhere that Bernard went
The gum was sure to go.
It followed him to school one day,
Which was against the rule.
Miss Kimpel took it away from him,
And "chewed" it after school.

DOROTHY ARMSTRONG.

—o—

SENIOR PUZZLES

——::——

Where is Anna's Cunningham?
Of whom does Lewis Barrow?
Where is Robert's Wickersham?
Who is Elsie Downing?
Is Thelma Green?
What makes a Weldon Miller?
When was Leon Wright?
Where does Winnoa Sellers?
Why is Wilmer Mayne?
Where did Bernice Leavitt?
When will Gladys Patterson?
Where is Helen's Parish?
Who is Marion's Herron?
Can Vivian Addleman?
Who does Harland Hier?
Can you see through Rufus Glass?
How does Thelma Graff?
Of what is Clarice Fuller?

Nifty Suits and Furnishings for Nifty Dressers—Roy Purvis

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for
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HARDWARE, STOVES, PAINTS AND OILS

COMPTON & SON

Holsum Habits will Help you Hold your Health, Sanitary Bakery

WOP SAYS

——::——

An onion a day keeps the flappers away.

Men are so contrary that if their wives wanted them to stay out late at night they probably wouldn' do it.

How a baldheaded man does sneer at a woman who dyes her hair.

A girl is apt to have many pressing engagements before she marries.

Be it ever so homely there's no face like your own.

When marriage introduces a woman to the kitchen floor she has a right to call it a "labor union."

Money, like death, levels all men in time.

Variety is the spice of love.

Many people who think they are social butterflies are merely flies in the social butter.

It's true that some people talk in their sleep, but I have proof that Oren Egler sings in his sleep in the assembly. If you don't believe it, just ask Bernice Finley, and I ought to know, I'm her Uncle.

Many students who have kept up with their studies haven't passed them yet.

One consolation, if you can't pay your rent, remember the landlord is always willing to help you out.

Work is known as manual labor; if women get into politics they may want to change it to womanual labor.

Some people wonder why there is so much commotion up at the High School. Maybe it's because every one hallo's "Toot-Toot."

Most of us would rather be called anything than early.

It is queer how many students have come home from college on account of bad eyes.

The four seasons are, Tiptonian, Toot-Toot, Jim Jam and Jinger.

Pathesnews—The world before you rise.

Paddle your own canoe, but paddle up stream, not down.

A good way to study, study with your book open.

His name was Longitude, so they called him Long for short.

It is a wise student who recognizes his own paper after the teacher has corrected it.

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I had a little bird
And his name was Enza.
I opened up the cage
And influEnza.

—o—

Mildred West (to the ticket agent): What time does the next train go to Indianapolis?

Ticket Agent: Two-two.

M. W.: I know it goes too-to, but I want to know when it goes.

—o—

You can lead a horse to water,
But you can not make him drink;
You can give a student zero,
But you can not make him think.

—o—

Gerald Todd: Why do the girls smile when they look at me?

Lois Bozell: I suppose it is because they are too polite to laugh.

—o—

Ha! ha! ha!
You thought
This was a
Little poem,
Didn't you?

—o—

Chet Miller: Sam, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?

Sam Mettlin: No, but I've seen them kill mice lots of times.

—o—

There was a young lady in Guam
Who said: "While the ocean is calm
I'll plunge in for a lark!"
But she met with a shark.
We will now sing the twenty-eight Psalm.

—o—

Arthur Coffey (reading problem in Algebra): Find the dimensions of a right angle triangle if it's hippopotamus is twenty feet, and its base exceeds the altitude by four feet.

Why did we laugh? He didn't know.

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W. E. Terwilliger F. R. Coxen

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BEHIND THIS SCHOOL. DO THE
RIGHT THING AND BACK THEM.

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He – "AS USUAL JOHN WAS THE LIFE OF THE PARTY – LAST NIGHT."
She – "JOHN WHO?"
He – "JOHN BARLEYCORN."
"LANKY" SNYDER

—o—

Oren Engler: You are a peach.

Mildred Shuppard: That is nothing; my father and mother were a pair.

—o—

The sun it sank in silence,
The moon it rose in blood.
The rain came down in torrents,
And a toad stuck in the mud.

—o—

Pete Watson: You know last year the doctor told me if I didn't stop smoking I'd be feeble minded.

Miss Kelsey: Well, why didn't you stop?

—o—

There was a young girl named Stella,
Who went with a bowlegged fella;
The silly young flap
Tried to sit in his lap,
And fell clear through to the cella.

—o—

Helen Shaw: I couldn't think of anything to write today, Miss Pate.

Miss Pate: I always did contend that you couldn't get a story from an empty head.

—o—

Pauline Redd says: "It's a wise student that recognizes his test paper after the teacher has corrected it."

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Daddy: Do you think I can make her happy?

Chick: I don't know whether you can or not, but she will always have something to laugh at.

—o—

Bob Wickershambattle: Well, I guess I'll kiss you good-night until tomorrow.

Mary Caroline Meansitall: No, you wont, Bob. Because I can't hold my breath that long, and besides I've got to go inside in ten minutes.

—o—

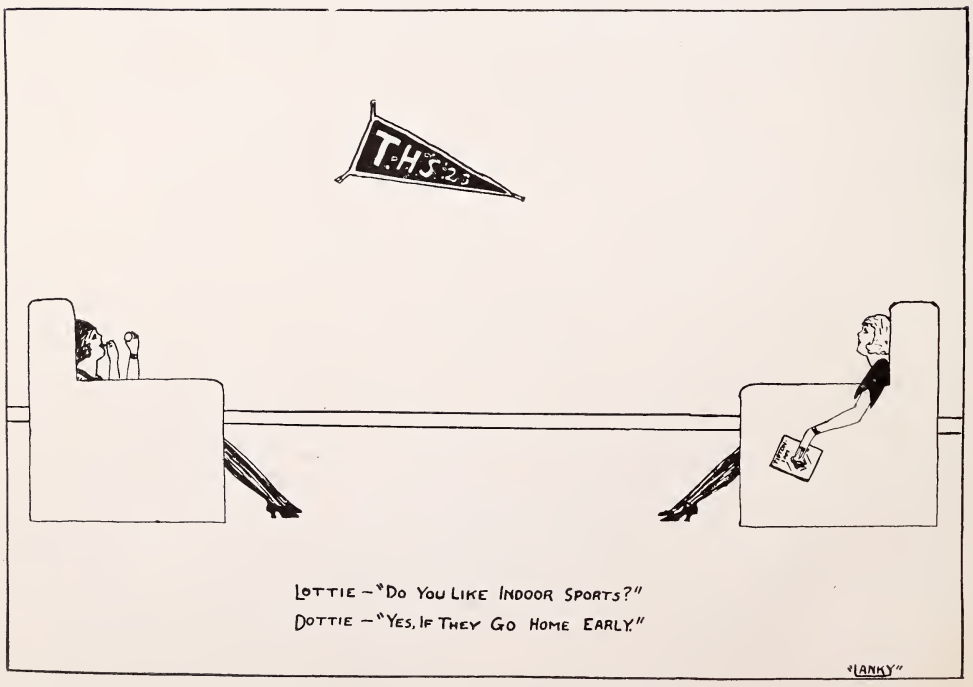
POOR PAUL

——::——

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.
He stood on the bank of the river,
The hour was half past six—
Some one carried the bridge away,
And left poor Paul in a heck of a fix.

DOROTHY ARMSTRONG.

—o—



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TEN YEARS FROM NOW

——::——

Weary Happy Herron (dragging two squalling kids into his house: Say, Anna, what is the matter with these darn kids? They didn't want to come home.

Worried Anna Herron: Why, Happy, those are not our children.

—o—

Kenneth Finley: Suppose you had a buggy top and five cents, what would you do?

Louise Perry: Kenneth, dearest, I would buy a fine comb.

—o—

Helen Daniels: Say, Nellie, I've found a way to be sure that Paul loves you.

Nellie Duncan: Oh! How? Tell me, please, Dummie, dearest.

Helen: Use geometry, my darling. Here is the theorem as stated. If you love Paul, he loves you.

Given: You love Paul.

To prove: He loves you

Proof: 1. All the world loves a lover. Shakespeare).
2. Paul is all the world to you. (Evident).
3. Therefore Paul is equal to the world. (Axiom 3).
4. Therefore Paul loves a lover.
5. You are a lover. (Apparent).
6. Therefore he loves you. (Q. E. D.)

—o—

Billy Newhouse: Wright, did you ever hear the story of the "crude oil?"

Bob Wright: No. Let's hear it.

Billy: It isn't refined.

—o—

Conroy: Alfesta, how many fags do you smoke a day?

Alfesta (otherwise known as Al, Albert, Alfred Havens and others too numerous to mention): Oh! any given number.

—o—

Mr. Calvert (in General Science): Rosie, when water is turned into ice what change takes place?

Rosie Emihiser: The change in price.

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Wifey: Oh, Bob! One of the twins has swallowed a dime!

Hubby: Well, give the other a dime to swallow; there will be no favorites around here.

—o—

A little child was being shown a bust of his distinguished grandsire, who had died before his arrival, gazed steadily at the bust for several minutes and then he gravely said, "Is that all there is left of him?"

—o—

YOU COULDN'T BLAME HIM

———::———

Old Father Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
For the purpose of quenching his thirst.
But when he got there,
He started to swear,
When he found that the bottles had burst.

—o—

Lewis Barrow says, "Those chorus girls give me a pain in the chest; they make me cough up.

—o—

I stole a kiss the other night,
My conscience hurts me, alack!
Guess I'll go again tonight,
And give the blamed thing back.

—o—

Winona Smyser: Where are you going with those roses and chocolates, Harold?

Harold Coy: To see my woman.

Winona Smyser: Who is it now, Bucko?

H. Buck Coy: Don't get me mixed; I'm going to see Miss Kelsey for a credit.

—o—

Ford Burres came crying out of the front room where his father was tacking down the carpet.

Mother: What are you crying about, Ford?

Ford: Father hit his finger with the hammer.

Mother: You should have laughed.

Ford: I did.

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TEA SIPPERS' UNION

This is by far the greatest order ever yet organized within the portals of the dear old Tipton High School. Last year's guzzlers of the demon rum must make way for our grand order and we hope to predominate forever and ever. Amen.

The Big Sipper----------Leon Wright
The Little Sipper----------Russell Lowry
The Predominating Factor----------Ralph Sowers
The Vaseline Spreader--------Robert Wickersham
The Heart Breaker----------Harrison Smitson
Ringer of the Bell Trous----------Vivus Smith
Keeper of the Dumb Belles----------Garth Marine

The motto of the sipping crew is: "We are the guys who put the 'T' in Tipton."

The slogan is nice; it goes: "Make it weak or sugar, please."

The pass word had to be clever, so with much sipping of tea they made theirs: "Green Leaf Wine for Mine."

The poem, because all royal orders have some kind of a poem, be it good or bad.

Tea, tea, tea for me,
Use cream in your coffee,
But not in your tea.

The old sea skipper
Was an old tea sipper,
And now tea sippers are we.

Now Johnnie McDuff
He used a powder puff,
And powder puff users are we.

And Kelly McHick
He used a lip stick,
And lip stick users are we.

And now after all,
Through winter and fall,
Merry tea sippers are we.

Below are a few more of its ever-increasing order. They, not wishing their whole names, so we are just giving their nicknames, but perhaps you can recognize a few of them.

Daddy—Wop—Al—Winnie—Happy—Freddie
Chick—Billy—Louie—Westie—Hobbs—Chester

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and
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SO SAYETH CAESAR

——::——

All T. H. S. is divided into four parts, one of which the Seniors inhabit, another the Juniors, another the Sophomores, and they who in their own language are called Freshmen, in ours, Freshies, inhabit the fourth part. All these differ from one another in language, customs and laws. The Freshies are separated from the Sophomoser by a summer vacation, the Juniors from the Seniors by the river of Knowledge. Of all these the Seniors are the most respected, because they are the nearest to the culture and civilization of the world. (All this we learn from Caesar.) —Translated by Dorothy Armstrong.

—o—

I love her every night,
I love here very tight;
And I guess I got a right,
'Cause she's my mother.

—o—

Freshie (Frank Newkirk) tearfully standing outside of the class room door, was asked, "Why don't you go into class?"

Frank answered soberly, "I can't; I've lost my ticket.

—o—

I kissed her once,
I kissed her twice.
I thought it good,
And kissed her thrice.

—o—

Miss Pate (to Pete Watson): Well, since you can't express your opinion of the difference between prose and poetry, can you give an illustration?

Pete Watson: Here is one:

Wee little Johnny fell in a well,
Instead of going to heaven
He went to——

Say, teacher, do you want me to use prose or poetry?

—o—

Miss West: Are you marrying me for my money alone?

Mr. Calvert: No, no. I think quite a lot of your faher's cellar, too.

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ELEGY IN A COAL BIN

——::——

The furnace fire tolls the knell of falling steam,
  The coal supply is virtually done,
And at this price, indeed, it does not seem
  As though we could afford another ton.

Now fades the glossy anthracite,
  The radiators lose their temperature,
How ill avail, on such a frosty night
  The short and simple flannels of the poor.

"THE POLICY."

—o—

Bob West: Have you an opening for a bright, energetic high school graduate?

Business Man: Yes, and don't slam it on the way out.

—o—

"Dog days are here," said Newt as he fixed another Coney Isle.

T·H·S

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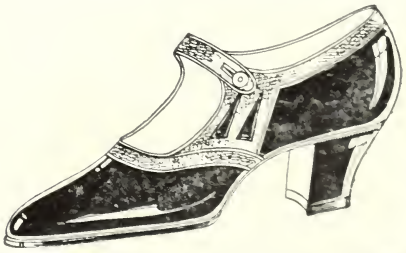
The Golden Rule



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NON-CENTS

——::——

One nice rainy day at mid-night; just as the beautiful pea-green sun was rising in the west, I saw a flock of golden daffodils nodding and shaking the brown sawdust out of their shoes, as they were practicing the new jazz two-step. Then, all of a sudden, they turned a couple of flip-flops backwards and lit on their ears, while standing on their azure eye brows and wiggling their toe-nails; the rest of them were eating bread and honey and playiing Yankee Doodle on their Jew's harps, to the accompaniment of the cook flopping red hot flap-jacks with his right hand and stirring a batch of mustard ointment with the other.

PETE WATSON.

—o—

When the frost is on the pumpkin,
And the fodder is in the shock;
Then father redeems his overcoat,
And puts his Ford in hock.

—o—

Essig Durr: Lois, I've seen the time when your father didn't have a shirt to his back.

Lois Hobbs: When was that?

Essig Durr: When he was in swimming.

—o—

Anna Cunningham: They say George Washington threw a dollar across the Potomac River.

Margaret Addleman: A dollar would go much farther then than it does now.

—o—

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
She blushed to the tip of her nose.
"I'm going to the hardware store," she said,
"To buy the garden hose."

—o—

Shrimp and Bill Hobbs were quarreling. Finally Shrimp said, "I don't see any streets named after you."

Bill: No, but there is a town in New England named after you.

Shrimp: What is it?

Bill: Marblehead.

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BOY, THAT KISS

——::——

The kiss is a peculiar proposition. It is of no use to one, yet it is absolute bliss for two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it and the old man has to buy it. It is the baby's right, the lover's privilege, the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl it is faith, to a married woman, hope; and to an old maid, charity.

—o—

Miss Pate: Were you copying his notes?

Joe Law: No, mom, I was just looking to see if he had mine right.

—o—

Santford Durham (worriedly): Miss Kelsey, I just can't get dates.

Miss Kelsey: I'm sorry, Santford, but you know I'm not running a matrimonial bureau.

—o—

Garth: My, that is a swell suit you have on. You are a credit to your tailor.

Leon: You are absolutely wrong, old man. Now that I have the suit I am a debit to my tailor.

—o—

Joe Law: Why are you walking lame, Smity, old dear?

Harrison Smitson: Remember that girl we saw in the "B," and you said, "Nobody home?"

Law: Yes.

Harrison: Well, her husband was.

—o—

Chong: Are you doing anything this evening, Ag?

Agnes (eagerly): No, not a thing.

Chong: My, what a terrible waste of time.

—o—

Edwin: And your lips are just like rose petals.

Evelyn: I must say good night now.

Eddy: Let's say it with flowers.

—o—

Martha Allen's little brother (the infant terror): If I wasn't here Fred would kiss you.

Martha Allen: You horrible boy; go away this instant.

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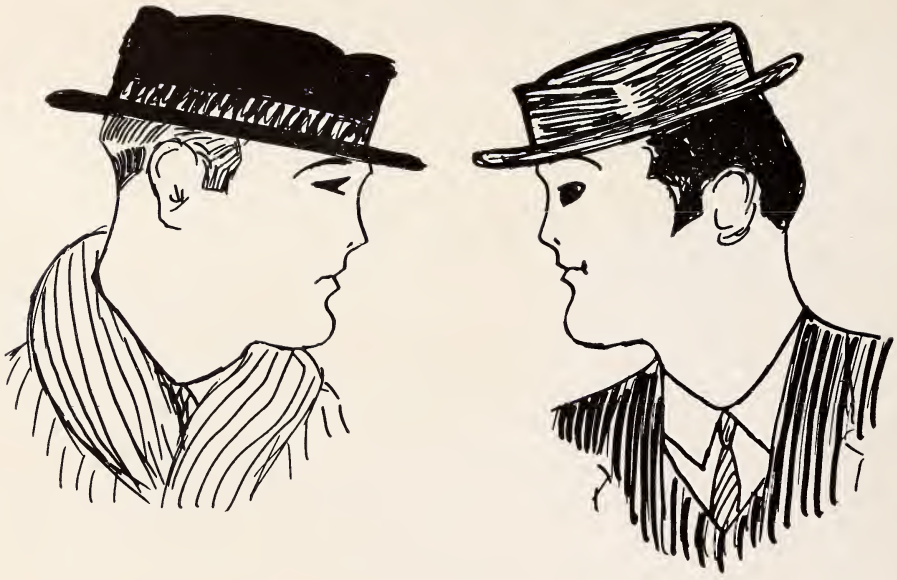

"EVER STUDY A BLOTTER?"
"NO, FOOLISH."
"VERY ABSORBING THING."

—o—

Mr. Thompson (asking Harold Walker to recite a piece of poetry): Harold, have you your poem for today?

Harold Walker: Yes, sir.

Mr. Thompson (much amazed): Harold, then recite it for us.

Harold:

Oh, the slimest man I ever knew,
He lived in Hokin Pokin;
If I really told you how slim he was,
You would think I was only jokin'.

Mr. Thompson: Harold, where did you get that poem and is that all of it?

Harold: No, but it isn't half as bad as the fellow who had to tie himself in a knot to keep from falling through the hole in the bath tub.

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Jake Lentz (scratching his head): Oh, I have an idea.
Mr. Dobbyn: Boy, boy, be kind to the little stranger.

—o—

Mr. Dobbyn asked the porter on a fast train for a paper, he received it and gave the porter a five dollar bill. The porter failed to give Mr. Dobbyn anything in return. Mr. Dobbyn became worried, so he said, "Porter, don't I get my change?" To this the porter made reply, "This is a through train; we make no change."

—o—

Mrs. T. Love (absent-mindedly to her daughter): Hello, little girl, how is your mother?

—o—

Bucko Coy's latest excuse for being tardy: "Well, you see, Mr. Thompson, the baby is our alarm, and he overslept."

—o—

Bob Hobbs came stealing into the room tardy.
Mr. Dobbn: "Slip?"
Bob Hobbs: Yes, and fell down stairs.

—o—

"Look pleasant, please," said Mendenhall, the photographer.
"Click," croaked the camera.
"It's all right now, Mr. Thompson; all over. You may now resume your natural expression."

—o—

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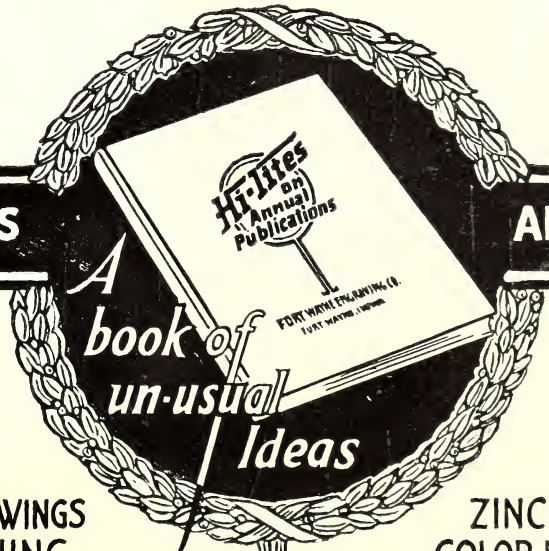

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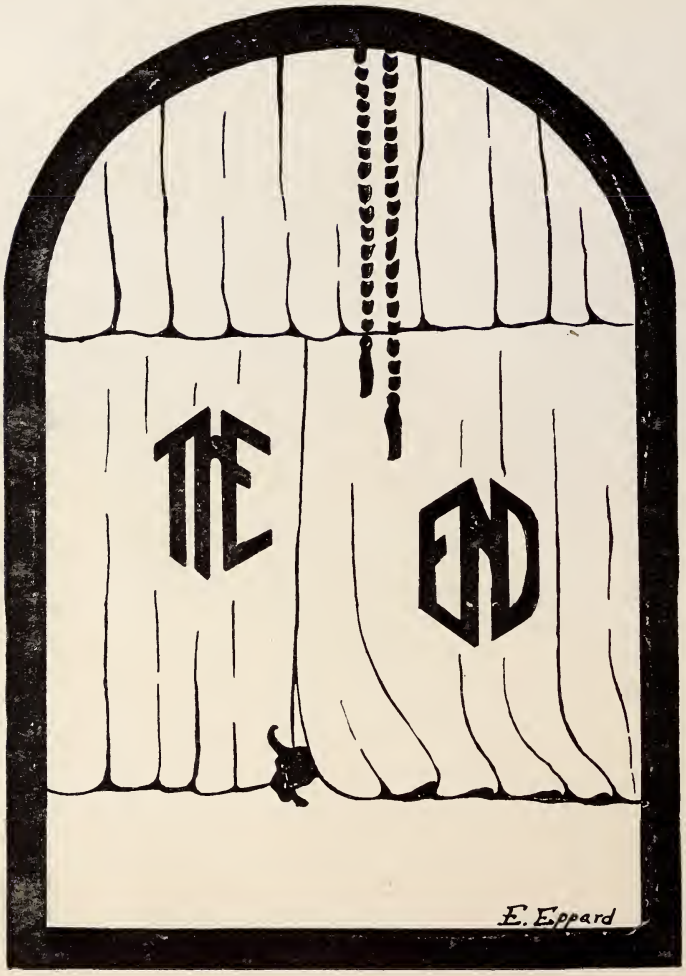

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